



異世界で 4

まいん
illustration
かぼちゃ

一度目の人生を

NIDOUME NO JINSEI WO ISEKAI DE

– Second Life in Another World –

- Volume 4 -

AUTHOR:

Main

ARTIST:


Kabocha

[Translated by: Infinite Novel Translations]

「御利益^{ごりやく}確実なエルフの口づけですよ」

自分の唇をべろりと舐めてから、
クロワールは何か言いたげな蓮弥を制してにつこり笑った。

二度目の人生を 異世界で4



蓮弥の前方の空間から、
次々と魔力の弾が撃ち出されて行く。
着弾地点はまさに地獄絵図だった。

「ふははははっ！ 死んだ魔物だけが良い魔……いや、
こいつら死んだらアンデッド化するんだっけ？」

「たぶん、アンデッド化できないと思います……」

いくら魔物が頑張っても、肉片からは
アンデッドにはなれないだろうとクロワールは思う。

「私はねえレンヤ。エミルⅡラー ज्या、研究者だよ」

「……はあ!？」

驚く蓮弥の手に思わず力が入る。
それだけのことで、少女の身体に
巻きつけられていた包帯は、
あっさりと腰の辺りまで
するりと外れて地面へと落ちた。



一度目の人生を
異世界で4



CHAPTER 57

IT SEEMS DARK CLOUDS ARE GATHERING IN THE SKY

At the market Renya's group had somehow stopped the rampaging horse and the rider on its back, but although the horse came to a halt, the elf died in Renya's arms.

Renya, who is pondering what to do next, gets surrounded by elven guards who arrived without him realizing. While looking surprised, everyone is fenced in and taken away.

Once they felt like they will get walked off like this, Renya's surroundings got restive. Although there was the fact that the number of corpses became high in the one digits, the guards, if pushed to say, tried to have Renya's group move with an attitude of asking them to follow since it's their request. *We probably should comply here obediently*, Renya abides them quietly.

The horse was taken along by pulling it while Shion was riding it as is, the problem was Rona. She showed signs of resistance, albeit light ones, at the time they were surrounded.

Renya became confused whether she hated the elves this much, but persuading the guards that she will take her along herself, Croire grabs Rona's arm and drags her along without any further problems while threatening the male elves so that they don't get close.

For some reason not being surrounded by the elves, Frau was almost neglected, but when it came to the matter of Renya being taken away, she climbs on Renya's back as if it's only natural and settles with getting a shoulder ride.

I wonder how it looks for a human swordsman, who gives a little maid girl a shoulder ride, to be surrounded and taken away by elves if looked at from the side, Renya smiles wryly without understanding the situation.

The elf who died in Renya's arms is carefully picked up by the guards and carried away somewhere else.

If the words he spoke at death's door are true, he was likely a soldier of that defence

fortress.

Renya didn't know how the elves mourned their dead, however Renya prays that the elf, who lost his life while doing his duty, receives a cordial burial.

Being surrounded by a great number of elves, Renya's group was taken along into an area enclosed by a fence. There was a building one could regard as a bit unrefined if compared to the other buildings.

Since Renya's group has no familiarity with this city to begin with, they completely didn't know what kind of building they were taken into on top of not knowing where they have been led to at all. But, they proceeded to a room of that building as told by the elven guards who wanted them to go along with their guidance.

The room, which has a desk, where pitcher filled with something like fruit juice and baskets with sweets that seemed like leaf pies and dried fruits were placed on, and several chairs was a room that had at least a window. However on the other side of the window the figures of guards could be seen.

Placing two guards outside the door of the room, they are sincerely told to not leave the room until further instructions once they entered the room.

Shion and Rona tried to protest that they were effectively put under arrest, but Renya stopped that.

One of the reasons is the notion that it's likely pointless to object to it.

As for the other reason he suddenly understood, it's the words of the soldier at the verge of death whom Renya held.

The ones who caught those words should at least have been Renya, who held that soldier in his arms, and Croire, who was close to him. *The contents of his words weren't normal no matter how you look at it.*

They are likely intending to control the flow of information, Renya judges while sitting down on a chair.

Since Croire wasn't confined in the same room as Renya's group, she is probably giving a report about the situation to someone or she is a person of quite the status.

Based on that, they are either obtaining a proof of the information or they are deciding the further plans. That means it's unwise for Renya's group to freely move around during the time they are choosing at what time they will announce it to the inhabitants of the city or whether they won't announce it at all.

Rona and Shion expressed their dissatisfaction, but as Renya didn't leak any particular complaints that seem like him being dissatisfied, and once they saw him to care-freely sit on a chair, they began to swoop down fiercely on the food on top of the table making him wonder whether they had given up as it was likely futile even if they made a commotion.

As Renya watches them pondering whether their eating drive is just a revenge for causing them troubles, Renya quietly moves to the entrance door and lightly knocks on it due to the mountain of sweets decreasing at an astonishing rate.

"What's wrong?"

The voice which comes through the door is that of a young man.

"I'd like to request additional sweets and drinks. At that pace it will be all gone soon."
(Renya)

"There should have been prepared a considerable amount though?"

"Don't take the consumption rate of sweets by female humans lightly." (Renya)

"There are plans to prepare dinner as well, but... will it be insufficient?"

Once being told so, Renya looks outside the window, but it's hard to read the time since there isn't much day light shining through due to them being within a forest.

Even so, probably there are still a few hours until dinner time, he was able to assess.

With him only judging that it's likely a done deal that the amount of sweets won't last for that much time, the matter of them taking even the preparation of dinner into consideration also means that they plan to confine them for at least that long.

After leaking a sigh and thinking *how troublesome*, he called out to the soldier on the other side of the door once again.

“It won’t last at all. Once they’ve got nothing to eat anymore, those children are going to start a commotion.” (Renya)

“Please endure somehow.”

“We have agreed to the confinement without asking anything. Please take such level of accommodation into consideration.” (Renya)

“Got it... I will arrange for it.”

Renya floated a bitter smile once he heard one of the supposedly two guards walk away.

Although they especially arranged for two to stand on guard, isn’t their alertness a bit low for one of them to leave, no matter what kind of errand he was told to do? Renya wondered.

Have they prepared a schedule for changing the guards here? If that’s not the case, there’s also the possibility of calling a third and having them prepare it. It’s not a praiseworthy deed to decrease the guards after being asked to do something by the targets of the confinement.

However, Renya’s group isn’t under such a strict observation. *With such an unknown rule it might be apparent that they won’t be scolded for being incompetent either.*

Besides, we have absolutely no intention to go berserk. If we intended to rampage, one or two guards won’t have any effect either. While thinking that, Renya tried to leave from the door as he had finished his business there, but he was called to halt by the guard on the other side of the door.

“Hey, there’s something I want to ask you a bit.”

“What’s up?” (Renya)

“After all... since she eats that much, they are big, I guess?”

Renya is silent for a little while.

After properly thinking about the meaning of the question, Renya muttered while trembling,

“You... are you a reformist?” (Renya)

“What discourtesy. I’d like you to call it the elven sect that woke up to a new aesthetic sense.”

“Who the hell cares! Don’t enter the room. I will chop you into little pieces if you make a move on my companion.” (Renya)

While thinking *which reminds me, we weren’t told to hand over our weapons*, he takes out the sword belt and katana from his inventory and equips them.

He left it as it is as he ended up thinking that it would likely be unnecessary while strolling through the city, but Renya became panicked as a risk factor lurked in an unexpected place. However, the guards voice seemed to be upset.

“Please stop calling a person a brute or something. I’m able to control myself. ... So, how is it?”

He might be worth to be praised for his attitude of not shrinking away from the hate turned at him.

Renya, who was swayed by such thoughts, opened his mouth after thinking for a while how to answer.

“I don’t know how much elven women eat, but if it’s little compared to humans, that might be a factor as well. It’s a common fact that living creatures won’t grow if they don’t eat.” (Renya)

“I see. By the way, I’d also like to ask what she eats most to have such remarkable growth...”

“Don’t know. Ask her yourself.” (Renya)

Dairy products are recommended, it would have been fine even if Renya revealed such knowledge, while not knowing whether it’s true or not, but as he didn’t have any intention to elaborate on this topic, Renya stops the chat by saying that coldly.

Given that it was a far too stupid conversation, the situation isn’t as severe in fact, is it? Renya thought, but after that even when it got dark outside and after a large amount of sweets and drinks was supplied there were no signs for Renya’s group being

released.

The moment the situation changed was when the day had completely ended. Since there was no light in the room, Renya used the opportunity to turn on the lights with the spell <Light> at the ceiling.

With a knock on the door, Croire entered together with several guards who brought dinner.

“I’m sorry. We caused you inconveniences.” (Croire)

In the middle of the guards lining up the food on top of the table Croire apologized to Renya’s group for starters.

Renya has a feeling that the image of elves being arrogant somehow made a sound as if shattering.

Apart from whether it’s something right or wrong, it gives a good evaluation to properly apologize.

“You will explain the circumstances, right?” (Renya)

“Of course. However, is it fine to not talk about this during the meal? I was released just seconds before myself too, so...” (Croire)

Croire who seems to be fairly annoyed by the long confinement without eating or drinking anything looks at the dishes lined up on the table.

The guards, who carried in the food, bowed after finishing the placement and silently exited the room.

“I don’t mind, but... you lot still want to eat?” (Renya)

Shion and Rona, who should have loaded their stomachs with a considerable amount of sweets and drinks, sit down cheerfully at the seats of the table as if they had another stomach for the dishes.

Renya marvelled where the heck such amount of food vanished, but he sits down himself giving up to pursue the matter anymore than that.

Since Frau doesn't reach the table if she sits on a chair, she sat down on top of Renya's lap as if it was natural.

Frau is fine even if she doesn't particularly eat a meal, but since it's not like she can't eat, she was apparently fascinated by the elven cooking she sees for the first time.

The dishes, lined up on top of the table, have only a little bit of steamed fish dishes and no meat dishes among them. The rest is mostly mushrooms, vegetables, soy sauce and miso dishes which were either cooked or roasted.

Indeed, with this kind of eating habits there won't be any taste with only salt as flavouring. I can imagine that they gladly accepted the existence of soy sauce and miso, Renya thought.

At least it's agreeable to state that the meaty, pure white mushroom, I don't know the name of though, is a complete dish with only properly roasting it and sprinkling some soy sauce on it, Renya judges.

If this was mixed with butter, even if only a piece of it, the level of its taste would rise by yet another level, but unfortunately it seems like the elves's way of thinking still hasn't reached that stage.

The taste of the miso soup, which was made out of dashi from mushrooms and crop roots, is splendid.

Due to that taste, which made him feel as if it has been a very long time, Renya couldn't help but just being disappointed within his innermost mind that tofu hadn't been put in.

It should be possible to make it out of elven beans, but for the elves, who live within forests, obtaining pickled ginger to harden the beans for tofu is probably a problem standing in the way, Renya guesses.

If that's not the case, there's no way that my predecessor, who told the elves about soy sauce and miso, makes such a blunt mistake like forgetting to tell them about tofu, Renya concludes.

Renya swears to create it one day without fail, but before that his thinking flows into another direction, namely *Is there dried beancurd and soy milk, I wonder?*

It has become necessary to raise money for the sake of obtaining a considerable amount of elven beans no matter what in order to create those. At the time when Renya thoughts began to go even as far as pondering whether it's not possible to cultivate them somehow on the human continent, Croire stopped dinning and opened her mouth,

"Renya-san. The words of the soldier you rescued." (Croire)

"I haven't rescued him. He ended up dying." (Renya)

Renya immediately denies Croire 's statement, but Croire denied Renya's words by shaking her head.

"If you didn't rescue him from falling of the horse at that place, he would have died without accomplishing his duty. As for the result, he ended up passing away, but there's no mistake that you have saved him." (Croire)

Croire says so while staring at him firmly. Renya scratches his cheek without saying a single word.

He's probably embarrassed, Shion smiled while looking at Renya's behaviour.

"He was a soldier who served at the defence fortress which is east of this city." (Croire)

Quietly removing her gaze from Renya, the expression of Croire , who continued her words, is dark.

"The defence fortress' role is to watch the Forest Labyrinth and to protect the city from monsters which frequently appear in the forest." (Croire)

"There's a Forest Labyrinth over here as well, you say?" (Renya)

Renya asks while thinking of the one that was close to the city of Kukrika.

The Forest Labyrinth over there is in fact an underground maze which has a forest within befitting its name. It should be a huge labyrinth that continues up to the Miasma Forest in a far distance.

"Labyrinth Forest is a general name for four labyrinths which exist on all of the four continents. All four of them are existing independently, but all of them are connected to the Miasma Forest." (Croire)

The Forest Labyrinth, which is on the human continent, is something vast that reaches dozens of 100 km, but due to Croire's statement that there's four similar labyrinths of such level in total, Renya feels a light dizziness.

It's at a level of exceeding the limit of Renya's imagination with its far too oversized scale.

"After you were confined here, the army dispatched a soldier to scout the vicinity of the fortress. A one-way trip with our feet from here to the fortress takes around one hour. Humans will likely get there after two hours." (Croire)

"And until the entrance of the Forest Labyrinth?" (Renya)

"I guess it would be around 4~5 hours on human' feet from the fortress?" (Croire)

Once you walk through the forest, the speed will definitely fall.

If one takes that into consideration as well, the place where Renya's group is right now seems to be a location that doesn't differ overly much from the location of the city of Kukrika which is on the human continent.

"The report from the scout was the worst. There were around 200 guards and 500 non-combatants in the fortress, but... survival is hopeless, or in other words, it was completely destroyed." (Croire)

"Do you know the number and types of enemies?" (Renya)

"It seems to be a mixed army consisting of ogres, orcs, hobgoblins and goblins as its main constituent, but there's information that demons are mixed in as well. Based on the scale of the army, their numbers are around 20.000 although that's only an approximation." (Croire)

"How's the war potential in this place?" (Renya)

"500 with 200 of them being archers and 300 being infantry. In addition it was officially announced that the students of the adventurer school will be drafted. The number of students is 200. Thus, the entire war potential of this city amounts to 700." (Croire)

Due to the statement of Croire who indifferently reported it, Renya's face warped for

an instant.

As if she didn't notice that, Croire continues her words,

"In other words, I will deploy as well. Accordingly I have a request for everyone."
(Croire)

Pausing for a moment, Croire has a short intermission to choose her words.

By no means is she going to ask us to help out, is she? Renya worried, but the following words of Croire completely betrayed Renya's expectations.

"Can I ask you to return to the human continent right away? And, please destroy the transfer gate over there." (Croire)

CHAPTER 58

IT SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING TO HESITATE OVER

*A/N: This time even the writer himself is "Hmm?"
The justification is weak, maybe*

"Oy, what the heck do you mean..." (Renya)

"Once we closed down the transfer gate on this side, something like monsters suddenly appearing directly in the city of humans might be possible. I'd like you to destroy the gate over there to prevent that. This is an official request from the elves. Although we will destroy the gate on this side after you went back, it's just for caution's sake." (Kurowaaal)

According to Croire , since it's linked as forwarding address of the transfer gate, it's not possible to only erase the path to the elven country. At the moment the gate of the elven country is closed down, the means to protect against an invasion of the adventurer school in Kukrika are apparently lost.

That's why she told me that she wants us to destroy both facilities.

"Since that is built fairly sturdily, it will take some labour to destroy it in a way that it can't be used anymore. Because there's also the nuance that we have to gain time for the citizens to escape to the rear, we will create as much time as possible, but... honestly, I think that we won't gain much of it." (Kurowaaal)

"That's only obvious. With 700 against 20.000, and moreover, 200 of those 700 are amateurs? There are cities larger than this place here, right? Won't you try to request reinforcements by dispatching a fast horse or such?" (Renya)

"We elves don't use horses overly much. The defence fortress prepared several fast horses for the sake of the notifying us of danger, but there are none in this city. It will take at least half day even with elven feet until the next closest city. However, the garrison over there has a scale resembling the one here. If it's the capital, they should be able to swiftly dispatch 10.000 soldiers, but... it's a questionable number with 20.000 monsters as opponents. They probably won't dispatch them for the sake of

protecting their city. Moreover, the capital is too far away.” (Kurowaaal)

Without a single wishful thinking she is able provide one fact after the other and yet Kurowaaal is unchanged and normal.

“We have already given an evacuation announcement and sent a messenger for that sake, but... whether they will be in time is doubtful. We haven’t much time remaining for just evacuating. It seems the monsters are marching slowly from the fortress to here, but if all of us escape, they will likely raise their marching speed to track us down. In other words...” (Kurowaaal)

Kurowaaal gave a hollow laugh here for the first time.

To Renya it looked like the face of a resolved soldier and not like that of despair or resignation.

“It’s a necessary sacrifice against the monsters. Even then it’s very likely a pointless stalling for time, however at least while we are remaining here, they are probably purposely marching slowly. We are able to evacuate an unknown number of citizens in that time and the capital can prepare defensive structures.” (Kurowaaal)

Hence, they have to die in this place no matter what.

Declaring that implicitly, Kurowaaal stared at Renya.

Renya bites his lips as he is unable to find words for Croire , who still chose to fight while knowing that they will be definitely overrun if they fight.

“However, we won’t let them through easily. At the very least we will try to take along a higher number of monsters than ours. Renya-san and you guys have to hurry and return to the human continent. Alongside the destruction of the gate, I’d like you to take another piece of information with you.” (Kurowaaal)

“Information, it is?” (Renya)

“That soldier said that the Forest Labyrinth overflowed, but that’s impossible. If one considers the vastness of the Forest Labyrinth and the frequency of monster spawns, it becomes unthinkable for that labyrinth to overflow.” (Kurowaaal)

Renya recalled that he had heard that story somewhere as well.

“Since that’s the case, the question remains where the large army of 20.000 came from.” (Kurowaaal)

It’s difficult to imagine an army of such scale to travel without being caught in the surveillance net of the elves.

And, if they were caught in the surveillance net, the defence fortress should have sent a message far earlier, too.

“I don’t believe that the soldier reported a lie while being at the verge of death. Considering that, the enemy came from the Forest Labyrinth after all.” (Kurowaaal)

“There’s no way for it to overflow, is what you have said, right?” (Renya)

“Yes, thus pondering about it this way, we came to a conclusion.” (Kurowaaal)

Croire lowers the tone of her voice and slowly and clearly tells Renya’s group in order for it being easy to remember,

“Probably there isn’t only one travelling path from that huge, flourishing Miasma Forest in the Forest Labyrinth. In other words, if you end up travelling that labyrinth all over, won’t some special route open up? And, haven’t the demons, using that, established a gate which is capable of transferring a certain level of gathered monsters all at once? That’s the conclusion we reached.” (Croire)

It’s difficult to create a path and maintain it in a place where there was no path to begin with, however it should be far easier to expand a place, which had originally a path, than creating one from nothing.

And can’t we also use the same theory when talking about the pathways of the transfer gates, so to say?

And, isn’t the Forest Labyrinth a common occurrence on all four continents?

“The chat is over. Now, please go once you finished eating. I’m very sorry, but can you arrange for the share of magic gems for returning yourselves? All of the gems on our side will be put into use for the battle after this. We will wave the fee for the gate. After all it will only wander into the pockets of the monsters even if we took it.” (Kurowaaal)

Stating that in one go, Kurowaaal suddenly pauses and thinks for a bit.

“But, do the monsters have an opportunity to use the money?” (Kurowaaal)

“I don’t know about that, but is it fine...? Isn’t it a pointless death even if I restrain my words?” (Renya)

“Ahaha... you have probably been told that you aren’t very discreet, haven’t you?” (Croire)

“You are a suicide candidate. Won’t you freely experience the violence of numbers with your body like that?” (Renya)

Partway Renya dropped his tone as if threatening her, but Kurowaaal laughed at that indifferently.

“Even if they don’t eat this body but play around with it, that still doesn’t matter.” (Kurowaaal)

As Kurowaaal stared back at Renya, a definite determination dwelled in her eyes.



“At any rate, during that time the enemy troops will stop around me.” (Kurowaaal)

“Renya, it seems she has a firm resolve.” (Shion)

Shion calls out to Renya who was at a loss for words.

Her voice had a tinge of impatience in it.

“We don’t have much time either. If there’s an invasion pathway for the monsters in the Forest Labyrinth, then it’s possible that it will turn into the same situation even in Kukrika. We have to return as soon as possible and report about this matter.” (Shion)

Renya turns a surprised expression at Shion due to hearing unexpected words from her.

It seems that Rona, who understands the elven language, translated the exchange between Renya and Kurowaaal.

Due to Renya being certain that Shion won’t be able to abandon the elf in front of her once she knows about the details of the talks, he thought that she would simply start talking that she wants to help them somehow.

Contrary to his expectations, Shion requests that they should return right away even if it means abandoning the elves.

Did Rona foresee that? She looks at Shion without showing a particularly surprised look.

“Let’s go, Renya. Time is valuable.” (Shion)

“Please take care. Though I can’t serve as your guide, you will reach the school once you go straight forward to the right on the road right in front of this building. Since the school has been already informed, use the gate as fits, please. After you pass through, we will begin its destruction. I wanted to lead you around the city a bit more, however I’m sorry for being unable to accomplish that.” (Croire)

Urged on by Shion, Renya leaves the room while being led by Frau’s hand.

Croire sees them off, but at the moment Renya passes through the room’s door, she muttered quietly with a smile,

“Well then, this is goodbye.” (Kurowaaal)

Although it’s night in the forest, the elves’ city is full of lights and there’s no trouble to move through it.

However, there’s only few people in the city.

It looked like the evacuation of the citizens has already begun.

Rushing through a city with no people in it, the soldier, who apparently waited for Renya’s group at the school’s gate, leads them to the room with the transfer gate once they arrived at the school.

“We don’t have overly much time, please hurry.”

“Thanks. Frau, can I leave the magic gems to you?” (Shion)

“Yes, Shion-ane-sama.” (Frau)

Frau, who was asked by Shion, inserts the magic gems into the gate.

The gate, which was filled with mana, opened and the same pitch-black space unfolded as at the time when they came here.

“Renya, let’s go... eh, Renya?” (Shion)

Although he could hear Shion’s voice, Renya wasn’t inclined to move from the spot.

In fact, Renya was hesitating.

At the time of parting he saw the expression and heard the words of Kurowaaal.

Renya couldn’t help but feel like he saw that somewhere before.

That expression which shows a smile despite being fated to die and while being dragged into a battle even though not wanting to partake in it.

Renya doesn’t feel anything towards the death of adventurer-like people who thrust their heads into danger willingly.

He just thinks that they have passed away willingly since it was what they wished for.

Because she is a student of a school training adventurers, that might happen eventually, too.

However, on top of being a student, she's still no adventurer. Her resolve and awareness shouldn't have settled properly either.

Even if the person herself believed that she resolved herself.

Though Kurowaaal is heading into the battle knowing that she will definitely die under those circumstances, she smiled.

If I saw such expression somewhere before, then it must likely have been something like the remains of my previous life's memories, Renya thinks.

The problem is, what have I done at the time I saw that expression in my previous life?

Was I able to do anything? Or did I simply watch with folded arms without being able to do anything?

Even if I try to think about it, it's very unlikely for an answer to appear.

The answer ended up being erased alongside his memories of his previous life.

Nevertheless, if I'm asked whether I will go back just like that, the answer is no.

If I return to Kukrika while carrying an incomprehensible, gloomy feeling in my mind and stomach, I will end up endlessly worrying over it.

"If there was at least a reason to simply abduct her." (Renya)

In the first place, if there's no reason nor any obligation, it's only natural to abandon them, is Renya's stance.

Renya has absolutely no intention to yield on that.

Although it's absolute, there's no other choice but to return unless I bend that.

It's my own circumstances, however somehow it ended up turning into a difficult

situation, Renya hesitates.

In the first place, with that little girl having erased my memories in a half-assed way, I will simply return to Kukrika, report the situation and go back home to sleep, if I don't remember things completely, at the time Renya began to curse that little girl, the guard, who led Renya's group to the transfer gate, timidly opens his mouth.

"Is it about your guide, Croire?"

"That's right, but... do you know her?" (Renya)

"Yes, since she is currently a student at this school, we have ignored things like social status. However, she is in fact visiting from the imperial capital, Sephirot, and is our lord as she is the esteemed daughter of His Majesty, the Emperor Royce = Pas = Tifalet.

"" Haa!?"""

The surprised voices of the humans splendidly matched up.

In addition the guard continues while being in a good mood for some reason.

"Even if she's the child of His Majesty, the Emperor, it is absolutely necessary for her to study at the same place as those of the streets. She entered the school here in accordance with this education policy passed down for many generations at the imperial family, but she is unmistakably Her Highness, the Imperial Princess Kurowaaal = Pas = Tifalet. Since she is the youngest princess, her rank within the succession hierarchy is 35th."

"His Majesty, the Emperor, is doing his best a bit too much, isn't he?" (Renya)

After Renya retorted reflexively, the guard quietly averted his sight.

Due to his standing he apparently can't say anything even if thinks so.

"Therefore, if you are able to save the life of that lady, there's no mistake that you will earn the personal gratitude of His Majesty, the Emperor."

"It's fine to expect a reward, is what you are saying?" (Renya)

"That's roughly it. Although you can obtain anything on the elven continent you wish

for... ah, no. Big-breasted elves are impossible.”

“You are a reformist as well!?” (Renya)

The guard frantically looked away since Renya shouted at him “Don’t spoil the mood!”

Shion and Rona look at that exchange with lukewarm gazes.

“A-Anyway. Someone like me has been alive for more than 300 years although you might say that I’m young in regards to the elves as whole. I don’t have any regrets to die around here either. However hime-sama and the students are different. They are still in the middle of their growth period. If there’s some method to save only them somehow...”

“Hmm...” (Renya)

“No way, Renya. Do you intend to do something...?” (Shion)

Going by the superiority of their numbers, it’s a situation where the word “hopeless” truly fits.

Naturally, Rona and Shion, who thought that the choice will be escaping if it’s Renya, asks with a hoarse voice as if she heard something unbelievable.

“That’s right. Oy, reformist. I have two questions.” (Renya)

The guard, who was called reformist, nods.

He doesn’t seem to deny being called like that.

“First, is the current fellow, who is commanding the garrison, a person open to suggestions? There is the image among humans that elves won’t listen as their arrogant pride is high etc.” (Renya)

Renya, who can’t loose the image he was told by Rona no matter what, wanted to confirm that point first.

Even if I go out and fight while having some kind of strategy, it will only be in vain to proceed if the other party doesn’t listen to me.

“The one currently commanding them is a female warrior called Skrod = Solvice, but having wisdom, she picks profit over pride.”

“Second, elves have the image of excelling in magic. That’s not wrong, is it?” (Renya)

“The part which is difficult to understand is to what degree we are excelling at it, but...”

Does he want me to tell him the information as accurate as possible? After pondering for a while, the guard opened his mouth.

“At least the amount of mana possessed is far beyond that of an average human. And, in regards to wind and water magic, I suppose that human magicians can’t get close. Those are specific magic attributes of us elves after all.”

“Why?” (Renya)

“It’s a type of magic influenced by the forest.”

“... Alright, the garrison is encamped at the eastern side, right?” (Renya)

“Will you be able to manage somehow!?”

Renya restrains the surprised guard with his hand in order to calm him down.

“It’s a war. There are no absolutes. However, it should be better than getting simply annihilated. Frau and me will go to the actual site. You will protect the gate here. Since we will leave behind the magic gems to start it in the worst case, you will escape by transferring if it gets dangerous.” (Renya)

“Renya! What about us?” (Shion)

“I will give you the magic gems. Wait or transfer as you like. This is my whim after all.” (Renya)

Once he emphasizes it by stressing that it is his own whim, Shion nodded after casting down her eyes for a moment.

“Got it. We will wait until the last moment.” (Shion)

“You won’t mistake the time to leave? Once you transfer, destroy the gate on the other

side right away. And, Frau.” (Renya)

Renya called out in an apologetic way towards the fairy standing next to him.

“Sorry, please accompany me.” (Renya)

“Roger, master ~nano. Don’t worry, Frau will be together with master ~nano.” (Frau)

Nodding deeply, Frau grasps Renya’s hand.

“Alright, everyone, let’s get started. Let’s have His Majesty, the Emperor, and his daughter owe us.” (Renya)

Looking at Renya’s face which smiled brightly, the elven guard got stirred up by some strange feeling and felt anxiety.

CHAPTER 59

IT SEEMS TO BE NUMBERS AGAINST NUMBERS

The forest's night which usually holds a silence was strangely agitated tonight.

The location, where all of the 700 elves are encamped, has become bright with the lit-up illuminations of the bonfires albeit it being only at that place within the dark forest. It completely looked like a lone island within an ocean.

Elves are able to see even in the night. Many humans believe that, but in reality it's only a few who can.

As the elves' eyes are able to see the differences in temperature, it's by no means like they possess an eyesight to see through the darkness of night.

And thus lights were indeed necessary no matter what if it turns into a battle during the night, moreover a large-scaled one.

In the perfect darkness the large army of monsters doesn't look like anything but a red mass.

The wind, which is sweeping through the trees, is tinged with the stench of iron rust and rot. Sometimes sounds of trees being smashed are weaved into it as well.

Elves generally have good ears.

It's not like their long ears are particularly elegant.

For those living within the forest it was extremely convenient to perceive changes in their vicinity or to sense danger by hearing distant sounds, but currently the elves cursed this quality of their ears.

The large army of monsters was approaching to the place where the elven garrison has drawn the defence line from a place roughly several kilometres away, however the elves are able to hear the disgusting sounds of their swords and armours rattling as well as their moans and footsteps.

And they are able to hear the loud breathing of their elven comrades standing next to them.

I will definitely die tonight in this place, was the thought which dominated the elves.

Without reinforcements or a refuge, they will likely be killed gruesomely in a way that is only limited by the capability of their imagination.

Nevertheless, by killing many per soldier in this place, they believe that with stalling the enemy even a second longer, it will result in help towards the residents who are evacuating in the rear. There's no one who breaks down or tries to run away.

If it was a human army, it was likely they wouldn't be able to do such a thing.

Since they have lived for more than a few decades albeit being young elves, they are far calmer than humans in regards to such aspects.

Resolving themselves, each of them tightly grasps their weapon. It was at that moment that the ears of the elves, who are lying in wait and are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the enemy, heard the footsteps coming running from the back.

There are no plans for reinforcements to arrive.

There shouldn't be anyone coming from the direction of the city, but the elves undoubtedly can hear those footsteps approaching.

Several of them turned their heads to the rear wondering who it was.

"It's the adventurer Renya = Kurugi! I have something to discuss with the commander Skrod. Please let me through!" (Renya)

The one who made an appearance from within the darkness was Renya who gave a little girl with a maid appearance a piggyback for some reason.

While the elves were noisy wondering who he was, Renya shouts a second time with a slightly irritated voice.

"There isn't much time, right!? Please let me though quickly!" (Renya)

"I'm Skrod, but who are you...?" (Skrod)

The one who stepped forward from within the lined up elves was a woman with a tall stature compared to the other elves, blue eyes and blond hair with a short-cut hairstyle.

She wears similar gear to what Croire wore, but at her waist is a small cane, likely the type of item called a wand, hanging.

“I’m the adventurer Renya, who came on a vacation trip here. I have something to tell you. Please listen to me.” (Renya)

“Renya-san!?” (Croire)

It was Croire who rushed over while raising a voice of surprise.

She didn’t carry a weapon at the time he saw her in the city, however now there is one rapier each hanging on the left and right side of her waist.

“Yo, Croire . Been a while.” (Renya)

“Don’t “Yo” me! Why did you come here?” (Croire)

“Shut up and be quiet. Get yourself quietly secured by me.” (Renya)

Renya grabbed the head of Croire , who had approached, in the style of an iron claw with his right hand and began to constrict it with scraping sounds.

Croire struggled in a panic to tear off the hand of Renya with pain travelling through the temples of her forehead, but she whines as she is unable to move at all with their difference in physical strength.

“O-Ouch! It’s extremely painful, Renya-san!? It seems to be cracking!?” (Croire)

“Listen up and stay silent. Faint just like that if you like. I will carry you in no time.” (Renya)

“You, did you hear about that child from some soldier?” (Skrod)

A bit scorn is packed into those words. Skrod addresses Renya bluntly.

“Certainly, if you retrieve only that child, you will be able to sell it as favour to His

Majesty, the Emperor. Is that all of your business here?" (Skrod)

A greedy human who came to just recover Croire due to his desire to get a reward, that's probably how I'm seen, Renya smiles bitterly.

Certainly, that's the easy way, but before I was to do such thing, I would have abandoned them altogether, he isn't able to say that though.

"How foolish. Listen to people properly. I came to make use of a decent army for a bit. There's nothing else but me overrunning the enemy. The matter with this child is just an extra while I'm at it." (Renya)

"What an idiot. What kind of things are you saying at this place where we are facing a losing battle? There is no way for there to be a method to overturn such overwhelming superiority in numbers." (Skrod)

Skrod flatly denies Renya's words.

Renya laughs scornfully at that.

"The idiot is you. Do you think I expressly came to this place if there's no way to overturn it? What will you do? Will you listen to me?" (Renya)

"Let's hear it then. Please tell me." (Skrod)

Renya retorted to Skrod, who said that there's no such method, that there is actually a way.

Apparently Skrod immediately felt inclined to listen to Renya after he made that statement.

It didn't look like the words of the soldier, who said that she puts priority on utility, were a lie.

"If the enemy comes attacking with the superiority of numbers, we confront that with superiority of numbers on this side as well. That's how you deal with this." (Renya)

Renya's suggestion was reasonable if you talk of a justified measure, but Skrod immediately denied that.

“Impossible. Hasn’t the other side more than 30 times our numbers? Tell me, where will you find the numbers to upset that disparity? Even if it’s reinforcement from the human continent, will they come flying here?” (Skrod)

“It’s foolish to ask whether they will come. Look at reality.” (Renya)

He cuts off and discards Skrod’s objection with a brief comment.

Skrod’s expression becomes huffily, but Renya hasn’t the spare time to worry about that.

In any case, with the enemy approaching in front of our eyes, it’s necessary to act quickly.

“Listen! And do it well. Split those, who are strong in defence magic, and those, who excel at the elven characteristic magic, from among the elves here. Those with characteristic magic have priority.” (Renya)

“... And then?” (Skrod)

“Shut your eyes to the amount of damage that will appear in the city. While pulling back the line of defence a bit into the close quarters of the city, cast magic obstructing movement in one area that’s likely to become the battlefield and if you are able to fill it with traps, then do just that. There should be something, if it’s magic that works in the forest, right? Things like confining with grasses or changing the ground into mud.” (Renya)

“There are some spells like that, but... that’s unreasonable. Just how much mana will be required at what range...?” (Skrod)

“If it was an unreasonable suggestion, I wouldn’t make it in the first place. I will supply the required mana.” (Renya)

Frau, who was riding on Renya shoulders, puts both her hands into the pockets of her apron dress and takes out their contents.

What she was holding in both her hands was thumbnail-sized magic gems.

With Frau’s small hands around 10 gems were apparently the limit of what she could hold even if she used both hands, however it should still be a reasonable aggregate amount of mana.

However, Skrod shakes her head.

“It won’t be enough with this at all.” (Skrod)

“I haven’t said that’s all of them though.” (Renya)

Frau unfastens the sleeve button of her apron dress.

Once Frau faces the largely opened armhole towards the ground, an amount of the same sized magic gems as those that Frau took out from her pockets, as if it was some kind of joke, drop out.



As expected, Skrods expression stiffened and her eyes turned into dots due to the amount of magic gems which began to create a mountain, albeit a small one, while making clinking sounds.

“Are you surprised, foolish woman? Create a trap area for the enemy army by using these while pulling back little by little. If it’s not enough, we will provide more. Form a defence encampment with your characteristic magic and defence spells once you aren’t able to withdraw anymore.” (Renya)

Being called an idiot, Skrod comes to her senses and starts immediately to hurl orders at her subordinates.

At that moment the soldiers promptly pick up the magic gems, which have formed a mountain close to reaching one’s waist, from the ground, split up and start to pull back, though slowly.

From the point of the monsters’ views, it might be seen as them drawing back due to being scared.

After the elves drew back, thin, long weeds began to grow thickly in a noisy way in a quite wide area.

Trees, which have short thorns, and long vines begin to sprout in order to close the gaps.

“It’s a forest barrier. Anyone but elves will be tripped up by that. Be careful since you are no exemption to that either.” (Skrod)

Skrod pulls Renya’s arm.

Renya, who released Croire from the iron claw, slowly retreats in the direction of the city together with the elves while being dragged by his arm.

Croire advances next to him.

“I never heard of such large-scaled spell activation.” (Croire)

Croire said while looking over her shoulder at the vegetation growing one after the other in her back.

“Even I, who’s already living for more than 250 years, has never seen or heard of such a thing either.” (Skrod)

Skrod, who is pulling Renya’s arm, says, however Renya, who suggested the invocation of such large-scaled spell, nonchalantly declared,

“If that’s the case, it will be a good experience. Won’t you give me some appreciation?” (Renya)

“If we get saved by that. Rather than that, even if we create a defence encampment by deploying a barrier, we will be overcome sooner or later if we don’t decrease the enemy’s numbers.” (Skrod)

Skrod will have 200 of the 300 infantrymen devote themselves to the maintenance of the barrier. She planned to hold the encampment with the remaining 100.

She intended to have the 200 archers and 200 students to work on the offensive, but one can’t expect much results from the 200 students.

And she didn’t believe that she will be able to prevent the 20.000 monsters from breaking through the barrier with 200 archers either.

“It’s impossible to lower the damage to zero. Please understand that.” (Renya)

Once Renya, who is still giving Frau a piggyback, said so, Skrod nodded right away.

She had the soldiers assemble under the assumption of a total annihilation in the first place.

On top of having received a pointer on how it’s possible to them to return alive, even if it’s only a part of them, she isn’t in a position that she could complain either.

“Although there are 20.000 monsters, they won’t cause any damage if they can’t get into fighting distance. The point is, right now we are able to delay the enemy’s hands reaching us as much as possible with a barrier and an encampment.” (Renya)

“That’s true.” (Skrod)

“In addition, we will continue to defend against the enemy’s attacks by secluding ourselves in the encampment to the best of our abilities.” (Renya)

“I know that too. However, we will be defeated eventually if we only keep defending.”
(Skrod)

“That’s only natural. ... Frau, how much mana have you left?” (Renya)

Renya asks while looking up.

After folding her arms and thinking for a bit, Frau opened her mouth,

“The previous mountain consumed half of it ~no. I think that currently the remainder is still around 60% with the share provided by master ~no.” (Frau)

“Since it won’t be a problem even if you use it up this time, please use another 5% at the occasion of erecting the encampment.” (Renya)

Frau nods at Renya’s words.

The expression of Skrod, who heard that, changes into shock.

The amount of magic gems, which earlier produced a mountain, held a number that they could distribute around 10 gems to every soldier.

Given that the side of the soldiers, who will deploy the barrier, will use a lot of mana no matter what, the distributed amount was biased towards them though.

Even so, her statement means that she can put out around the same number of magic gems once again.

Somehow Skrod’s shock becomes stronger than her surprise at that point.

“Once you have 10% remaining, I will be in charge of the fire power with my own mana.” (Renya)

“That’s pure foolishness! What can you do all by yourself!?” (Skrod)

“I will use a series of <Magic Bullet> with void magic. I think you can expect quite the fire-power if I use it together with parallel spell formulae.” (Renya)

“E-... E-Even so, something like a single magician being able to shoot several of those...”
(Skrod)

“I’m able to activate up to 200 at the same time, but is that not sufficient, I wonder?”
(Renya)

He didn’t attempt to go past his limit, but that amount was pretty much possible.
That’s what Renya completed confirming.

Skrod remains mute with her mouth flapping open and closed unable to decide either way.

Croire , who was accompanying them at Renya’s side, was already incapable of following the conversation. She has entered a stance of giving up and ignoring it.

“Even so, it will likely be impossible to exterminate 20.000. I think that it will turn into a melee of crossing swords at the end. Please be ready for that.” (Renya)

With a mere rapid fire of <Magic Bullet>, it probably won’t be only the monsters who will die, Renya murmurs into his chest.

“... I’m unable to comprehend, but, got it.” (Skrod)

It looks like Skrod herself is fully aware that it will be endless if she started to question why and how.

And, there’s currently no point in asking Renya about that either.

“Renya-san, you are amazing... really, thank you very much.” (Croire)

Croire has an expression as if she had given up on various things, but even so she puts it into words and gives Renya words of gratitude.

“What, that’s only natural”, Frau throws out her chest in pride on top of Renya’s head.

“Master is amazing ~no. It’s fine for you to praise him even more ~no.” (Frau)

“Oh, do you mainly intend to survive, even if it’s unreasonable, for the sake of my reward?” (Renya)

“You have spoiled various things with that, Renya-san...” (Croire)

Even while dropping her shoulders crestfallen, Croire began to feel like they will really

be able to survive for some reason.

CHAPTER 60

IT SEEMS TO BE A BATTLE WITHIN THE ELVEN FOREST

The monsters were terribly disgruntled.

First, the fortress, which they attacked before, fell without any noteworthy resistance. Moreover, the number of elves inside was far too low compared to the number of monsters in the army.

Second, what furthered their dissatisfaction was the fact that it was mostly male elves.

The elves who died in battle immediately ended up in the bellies of the monsters who happened to be present at the location.

You can say that they were still on the lucky side though.

The soldiers, who were caught while being alive, had their equipment torn off, were thinly cut completely like dry-cured ham or such, were pushed around by the monsters and were killed in the end after being tormented until they begged for death.

And you can still say that they had a less objectionable way of death.

After all the ones who died in the most wretched way were the remaining 20 female elves who worked in the fortress.

After the monsters broke or cut off their limbs so that they couldn't escape, they smashed their chins to prevent suicide and passed them thoroughly around amongst themselves.

The women, who finally turned into trash that even an orc wouldn't have any interest in, were thrown away just like trash, were shredded into pieces by the hands of goblins and devoured by them.

Having fully violated 200 elves, the monsters were still unhappy.

With the numbers being scarce and time being short as well, there were plenty of monsters who didn't obtain an elf to play with.

Moreover, as the elves are small-built and slender, the amount was overwhelmingly lacking to fill the stomachs of 20.000 monsters.

The goblins, who have been entrusted with the vanguard, are going mad.

If they end up catching an elf unskilfully, it will surely be snatched away by orcs and ogres. Still, if they end up eating it then and there after killing it, they will likely be able to eat to their hearts' content if it goes well without their prey getting stolen.

Thus it is necessary for them to fight the elves before any of the other monsters.

The goblins wanted to run ahead with all their might if possible, however since it was an order from above for them to march slowly, they aren't allowed to break into a run either.

It was a fact that the ample dread mixed into the taste of elves at the time they were eaten was great, thus it is an extremely displeasing order for the goblins who want to fill their bellies rather than worrying about the taste.

That's why they were pushing and shoving each other. The goblins marched while looking forward to the attack order as they restrained themselves.

Those goblins suddenly noticed that the sensation under their feet changed.

What was until now a cold ground transformed into a ground with thickly growing weeds.

Those weeds, which possess long and thin leaves, twine themselves around the marching goblins' feet and obstruct them.

Even if they tore those off with all their strength; if it was once or twice, an extreme effort was necessary just to tear them off, but if it's ten-odd all at once, the goblins' feet were stopped.

Moreover, as the feet of the goblins are hurt by the branches of short trees possessing thorns, the ivies coil around them.

The goblins stepped into the elven barrier.

That barrier was something so huge that the elves can't recall the existence of such an instance in the past.

With its length at 200 meters and its width spanning over one kilometre, it stands in the way of the army of 20.000.

The goblins, who can't move anymore, frantically struggle to escape, but it's not a barrier that will release their feet that easily.

In the end the goblins, who follow without knowing the circumstances, trample over the goblins who have fallen while simply writhing.

Being stepped on, the goblins have their bones broken and their flesh crushed while growing restive due to the pain.

The goblins, who fell down with their feet getting caught by the goblins who suddenly acted up underfoot, get entwined by the weeds and ivies and also lose the ability to move their body.

It would simply end if they stopped, but the goblins, who have large numbers on top of having low intelligence, don't even report the state of affairs. They simply fall down, get trampled on and are crushed. And those who walk over them also fall down. Such an unproductive cycle repeats itself over and over.

At the moment considerable losses started to appear among the goblins, the information that the elves had laid out some kind of trap was passed on to the demons, however without suspending their order, they commanded the advance without change.

That's the true nature of the elven barrier, but although the demons realized that it's a snare by using weeds and ivies, they decided to use the method of surpassing the trap itself by having the goblins tread it down with their own flesh and blood.

Of course, the goblins, who shouldn't be able to notice that intention, march on without thinking anything and are defeated. They create a path for the sake of those following behind them with their own flesh and blood.

"You have chosen a nasty measure. Even if I can't see it for myself." (Renya)

Renya, who heard the situation at the front line from Skrod, frowned.

Although there is a watch fire burning at his own position in the dead of the night, it's unthinkable for Renya, who is a human, to see the state of things 200 meters ahead.

"However, the elves can clearly see the details of the circumstance in the elven barrier", Skrod says.

The theory behind that was something Renya couldn't comprehend at all, but Skrod simply explained it as the forest blessing the elves.

That blessing allows the elves to clearly see the interior of the barrier. Moreover it grants the elves a far stronger strength than usual and the forest even confines the enemies.

Originally a single caster can create a barrier of around 10 meters in all directions. That seems to be the limit of what they can barely maintain.

The number of elves who are busy with maintaining the barrier is 200.

The size of the deployed barrier has become 2000 times that of a normal one.

In other words, with each receiving mana supply from Renya, they can maintain a barrier 10 times bigger than normal.

"It might get a bit ugly." (Renya)

Renya made an ominous remark.

At his side, Skrod makes a report that the vanguard of the monster army approached up to 150 meters from their position and, as if responding to that, the archers began their shooting.

Apparently only the bows of elves can reach up to 200 meters.

However, given that the power of the arrows will naturally drop sharply, they decided to start the attack at a distance of 150 meters after balancing range and power.

Since that's according to the elves' knowledge and experience, Renya doesn't meddle.

Renya will begin his attack after the enemy approaches up to 100 meters.

That was because the shooting range of <Magic Bullet> is just around that area.

It would be also alright to increase the distance, but that will only raise the consumption of mana, Renya judged.

This time I don't have much leeway in using my mana.

Since Frau has changed the recovered amount into magic gems from the outset, he isn't in a state of having full mana.

"It seems to be going well, but is there some problem...?" (Croire)

Croire's eyes can see the figures of the monsters who are falling into chaos within the barrier due to the descending hail of arrows from above.

Once their marching speed gets killed, it's a simple matter to hit them even if the arrows are shot roughly thanks to the high number of monsters.

Because the archers brought in emergency supplies from the city besides the share they carried with them at the time they heard that a defensive encampment would be built, the number of prepared arrows is plenty making it look like they won't get exhausted.

As expected, the goblins are getting irritated by the slowness of advancement and even the orcs, who ended up appearing at the front-line, are collapsing looking similar to hedgehogs after being shot with arrows.

"You know, I thought the monsters would take a detour once they noticed the barrier." (Renya)

The obstructions, requested by Renya, had traps besides movement inhibitions, but since Renya, who was consulted on the place for laying those out, heard that they would work as is after activating once set up without the need to maintain the magic, he concentrated their positioning in locations outside the elven barrier where he estimated them to just appear if they took a detour.

"All the magic traps were in vain... there's that as well, but the fellow who is leading this army has quite the confidence." (Renya)

“Confidence, you say?” (Croire)

“Even though they view their soldiers as disposable, they are confident enough to have it their own way. Or they have the confidence that they can win with this army even if they loose their soldiers.” (Renya)

“Renya, the distance will soon be down to 100 meters.” (Croire)

“The barriers erosion is fast. Did they switch to breaking through in one go?” (Renya)

Renya hits the shoulder of Croire , who’s next to him, with a tap-tap. He leaves and walks to the edge of the barrier in front of the battle formation.

Frau isn’t with him now since she is distributing the created magic gems amongst the elves.

In the state of possessing Renya, Frau wasn’t able to separate from him too far, but as she seems to be growing in power little-by-little in that aspect too, it was currently alright for her be apart from him a bit if it’s only for some time, according to Frau’s words.

While there are sounds of wind being cut above his head as the archers are continuing their shooting, the presence of the arrows wasn’t a very pleasant feeling, but it couldn’t be helped because he had to stand at the front of the battle formation to strike the enemy forces with his magic.

“Which way? I still can’t see them.” (Renya)

“It’s straight ahead.”

“Okay, got it. I will begin shooting.” (Renya)

Renya produces and shoots one mana ball after the other in the space in front of him.

Since he doesn’t grasp the state of the impact site, he roughly shoots the straight forward in the beginning. Once he got used to it, he altered the spell’s range or changes the spells to <Fire Ball> and <Wind Blades> while while making sure to shoot them in a fan form.

As he doesn’t know whether the spells, he shot, are hitting or missing, it nothing but

an simple operation of discharging mana from Renya's point of view.

While measuring the amount of mana he consumed for the spells, the amount he supplies to Frau and the amount he recovers, Renya continues to use magic with a bored-looking expression, however the countenance of the elves, who are watching the impact site, changed.

The impact site was truly a picture of Hell.

The heads of the goblins, who can't move as they were tripped up, burst open after being hit by magic bullets.

The orcs, who spilled their intestines on the grass after wind blades cutting into their bellies, received fire balls into their open wounds next and writhed in pain as they burned up starting with their intestines.

The orcs, who defended against the magic bullets with shields, withstood several shots, but losing to the force of the impacts, they drop their shields and then fall to the ground after getting riddled with holes by the magic bullets.

The ogres, who have a large body, receive the spells all over their body and hurl blood as well flesh over the goblins behind them after getting transformed into minced meat.

Trying to escape after falling into a state of panic, the goblins fall down after being tripped up by the barrier, have their arms blown off by the spells and are crushed underfoot the ogres who are running amok due to rage and pain.

They seem to be completely like boats which are swallowed up by rapid streams, Croire thought.

Being engulfed by the heaving sea, they are thrown about and broken into pieces as anything and everything vanishes.

"Ah, somehow this feels like it became fun?" (Renya)

Renya wasn't aware of the situation, but he apparently got into firing the spells limitlessly albeit he is targeting empty space.

"The ones running away are the monsters! Those who don't run away are the fairly trained monsters!"

蓮弥の前方の空間から、
次々と魔力の弾が撃ち出されて行く。
着弾地点はまさに地獄絵図だった。

「ふははははっ！ 死んだ魔物だけが良い魔……いや、
こいつら死んだらアンデッド化するんだっけ？」

「たぶん、アンデッド化できないと思います……」

いくら魔物が頑張っても、肉片からは
アンデッドにはなれないだろうとクロワールは思う。



“There isn’t any choice except monsters though!?”

“Fuhahahaha! Only a dead monster is a good mon... no, if these fellows die, they will turn into undead, won’t they? They are monsters who mustn’t die either.”

“They are probably unable to become undead...”

No matter how much the monsters preserve, they probably won’t become undead as they have turned into pieces of meat, Croire assesses.

Originally that wouldn’t be the case if they didn’t dispose of the corpses by burning them after the battle, but at this rate it would become unnecessary to do so.

In exchange it wouldn’t be possible to collect the raw materials from the monsters either.

Pondering these matters, Croire sighs. It was at the the time she turned her look further inside the barrier.

In her sight, which was supported by the assistance of the barrier, Croire saw the figure of that entering the barrier.

It was a giant with a height of around 2 meters.

All of its body is covered by a black, unrefined armour with only its head exposed.

The head, which is the sole thing outside the armour, has long orchid hair carelessly spilling down on its back and the skin’s colour is dark brown.

With its pupils being golden and almond, its ears are long, pointed and slender though not to the degree of those of elves.

What is grasped in its hand is a large sword with a size close to that of an elf. Though its thick blade has likely the weight of a human, the man is holding it easily with just his right hand.

“Renya-san! It’s a demon! A demon has entered the barrier.” (Croire)

“They came after all, huh...? How troublesome.” (Renya)

While simply slaying the orcs and ogres, who don't move as they lost their presence of mind, the male demon casually places his feet into the barrier.

Just as the weeds and ivies begin to coil themselves around those feet, the man, with a slightly slowed-down walking pace, calmly advances into the barrier while tearing off the weeds and ivies with all his strength.

There's probably no one but me in this place who can directly face a demon as opponent, Renya judges.

However, if Renya entertained the demon, the attacks on the monsters in the vicinity would weaken.

Having said that, if Renya continued his role as battery, the demon would break through the barrier and thus it would eventually turn it into a free-for-all fight.

Either way it's impossible to avoid increasing the losses.

Renya wavers in his decision.

Using that gap, the male demon casts a spell with void magic and creates a flame spear.

He held that with his left hand, which isn't burdened with a sword, and casually threw it while aiming at the direction of Renya's group.

"Defence unit! Show me your endurance!" (Skrod)

Skrod's encouragement reverberates.

In response to that, the elves, who were in charge of defending, put their strength into casting spells.

The temporarily boosted elven defence unit and the flame spear thrown by the demon clash. The elves' field of vision was dyed bright red and vibrations shook the ground.

The elven defence unit, which used all its strength, succeeded at defending against the demon's attack, however several elves, who suffered from the aftermath, have collapsed right there.

The elves, who fell into panic, were evacuated to the rear by the students who

currently got nothing to do.

“There isn’t even any time to hesitate, eh...?” (Renya)

By just receiving one attack, the elven defence unit has its power reduced largely.

They probably won’t last through a second one, Renya assessed.

For the sake of him not being able to attack a second time there’s no other choice but for Renya to suppress the demon.

However, the barrier, which is currently confining the demons, will judge Renya as not being an elf and entwine his feet as well.

While it may be true that I will be able to hold down the demon if the barrier is released, the monsters will likely just flood this place here.

“My feet will be useless, huh? Oh well, there’s no other choice but to get it done somehow.” (Renya)

Once he steps his foot into the barrier, the weeds twine themselves around Renya’s foot right away.

It wasn’t a restriction to the degree of Renya being unable to tear away from, but his mobility could be called mostly dead.

“Renya-san!?” (Croire)

“I will hold down the demon. Skrod and Croire, please command the archers and... the students, though reluctantly, and survive the attack of the small fries somehow.” (Renya)

He walks with both feet into the effective range of the barrier.

While tearing off the coiling weeds, Renya began to proceed to a place separated as far as possible from the encampment to fight with the demon.

Fighting too close-by will increase the possibility of dragging the elves into the battle.

“Renya-san!” (Croire)

Croire jumped at Renya from behind.

She clings to the back of Renya, who is unable to evade with his feet being captured by weeds. Holding Renya's head with both hands, Croire bit her own lips slightly.

"Oy!?" (Renya)

Ignoring Renya's voice of protest, Croire fixed Renya's head, she was holding, and pushed her lips, which were soaked with her own blood, on Renya's lips.

Renya opens his eyes widely in surprise.

And, without understanding the situation, a small stir occurs amongst the elves.

「御利益^{ごりやく}確実なエルフの口づけですよ」

自分の唇をべろりと舐めてから、
クロワールは何か言いたげな蓮弥を制してにつこり笑った。

二度目の人生を 異世界で4

Croire continues to kiss him until she makes sure that he has swallowed down the blood, which has been smeared on her lips, by the gulping sound of Renya's throat. After she finished confirming, she releases Renya slowly.

After licking her lips, where blood was still seeping out, with her tongue, she smiled cheerfully and held back Renya, who apparently wanted to say something.

"It's a sure-fire blessing kiss of an elf." (Croire)

Looking at Croire whose cheek is tinged red, albeit only slightly, Renya feels unable to say anything.

"Blessing, you say..." (Renya)

Underfoot Renya, who attempted to say something, the weeds, which restrained his feet, swiftly withdrew.

Moreover, he has become able to see the vicinity, which was plunged in darkness before, vaguely.

It seems the kiss of Croire, which was mixed with her blood, caused Renya's body to be recognised as elf by the barrier temporarily.

"Is that how it works? ... Should I thank you?" (Renya)

"No, not at all. If you do me the favour of coming back alive, that will be plenty." (Croire)

"I see... Well, then I will leave this place to you. See you later." (Renya)

Once again turning in the direction, from where the demon is approaching, Renya began to run within the elven barrier.

CHAPTER 61

IT SEEMS TO BE THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE

“Oh my! When wondering who might be coming this way, it’s an awfully rough elf?”

The male demon raised his voice while casually brandishing the large sword in his right hand.

That large sword, which should possess considerable weight, cuts the goblins and orcs in the surroundings assuming them to be hindrances while furthermore pruning the grasses being astir under his feet.

It seems that for him grasses and soldiers have mostly the same value.

The goblins and orcs as well, although it will be fine if they escape the range of the man brandishing his large sword, they are chased by the elves’ attacks while stepping into the attack range of the man unbeknownst. Committing such foolishness, they fall to the ground and are cut into several lumps of meat in the blink of an eye.

“You don’t make any distinction between elves and humans either? Aside from having a huge body, the intelligence of demons is low, I guess.” (Renya)

Halting before he enters the attack range of the large sword swung by the demon, Renya laughs scornfully at the demon’s words.

Even though he is still quite the distance from the large sword’s point, the wind, the demon created with his sword, was to an extent that the bangs of Renya, who halted, are swaying.

While being basked in the sword’s wind which is tinged with the scent of iron rust, Renya closes his eyes partly and looks at the demon’s figure.

The speed of him swinging the large sword was something frightening, but as a matter of fact, the sword technique of the demon, seen from Renya’s eyes, was actually something rough and unrefined.

The proof for that is him sometimes finishing the goblins’ bodies by a style of beating

them to death rather than cutting them since the blade movements aren't especially precise.

It is also hard to say that the large sword is an overly good item.

Only its durability appears to be quite something. It's properly bearing the strain although the demon is swinging it with all his might.

"Huh? Human!? Why is a human fighting together with elves on the elven continent?"

"I guess some idiot picked a fight without sensing the mood when I tried to come here on a pleasure trip." (Renya)

Once Renya replied that with a sullen expression to the demon, who is surprised as if seeing something strange, the demon stopped to brandish his large sword and raised a loud laughter after shouldering the sword.

"You are an unfortunate fellow! To die at your destination!"

"It's not like it's particularly decided that it's my side that is the unlucky one, now is it?" (Renya)

Renya indifferently returns those words at the laughing demon.

The demon stops laughing as he can't understand what was said.

"What was that?"

"It's not like it's particularly decided that it's my side that is the unlucky one, is what I said." (Renya)

Putting his hand close to his left waist, Renya continues while drawing his left hand to the katana's scabbard.

"Having picked a fight at the time when I was here, the stupid demon's side was unlucky. There is such viewpoint as well, right?" (Renya)

"Haa! When I wondered what you have started to talk about, it's the utterance of a fool that doesn't know his own position."

Did he feel slightly irritated? He draws the large sword, which leaned against his shoulders, and swings it sideways with all his strength in front of Renya.

Several orcs, who once again entered his attack range, drop to the ground while scattering their intestines as they have been cut in two. Renya retreats a half step due to the pressure which assailed him from the front.

Though it's only a half step, there's no way for Renya to retreat due to simple wind pressure.

It was only vaguely, but Renya sensed that the large sword, swung by the demon, was wrapped in mana.

Apparently that being mixed into the sword's wind gives birth to physical pressure.

"Do you believe that something like a human can oppose us demons from the front?"

"Well, I wonder about that?" (Renya)

Due to Renya's evasive answer, a vein surfaced on the demon's forehead.

He seems to be thinking that I'm making fun of him.

He's quite the short-tempered demon, just as Renya was thinking that, the demon made a step in Renya's direction while tearing off the weeds underfoot with snapping sounds.

Sensing that he was about to begin attacking, Renya also takes a step towards the demon without retreating.

If it's a sideways attack, the rate of danger will rise by stepping in.

However, from Renya's point of view, the demon's movements are extremely large and exaggerated. He will clearly understand whether it's a vertical or horizontal slash by the beginning of the attack.

The demon's next attack was a vertical attack.

Renya regarded slipping through a sideways sweep by getting close to the demon coupled with the sword's pressure, he felt before, as quite difficult, but if it was a

vertical slash, dodging by stepping in wouldn't be complicated.

Once he steps in with his body on the right side, the demon's attack passes on the side of his body.

While looking at the demon who had a surprised expression, Renya grasped the handle of his katana with his right, drew it and cut him in one go as he passed by at the demon's flank.

The demon's left flank was directly cut by Renya's attack, but without the time to ascertain the effect of his own slash, Renya gets away from the demon.

In order to chase after Renya, he recovered the blade of the large sword, Renya just dodged.

Renya, who safely evaded the demon's attack, roughly slashes the orcs and goblins close-by and makes blood fly with his wielded blade while opening a distance to the demon.

Its sharpness never changes.

Without looking at the cut orcs and goblins who fell to the ground, Renya stares at the blade of his own katana.

There's no indication of the blade being chipped either.

Shifting his gaze from the surface of the blade, Renya cocked his head in puzzlement while facing into the direction of the demon.

"I believe I cut you without a doubt." (Renya)

While shouldering the recovered large sword once again, the demon, who turned around in the direction of Renya, shows no sign of being cut.

Renya grumbled that he should have been mowed down unmistakably, but while stroking the area where Renya's blade hit, the demon observes Renya with a look as if he has seen something unbelievable.

"It's the black iron armour. There's no way it will come off with the strength of a human, is what I want to say, but..."

Once the demon removes his hand a deep cut in the demon's armour, around the area where Renya's blade hit, becomes visible.

It was a fairly deep cut, but once he looks at the spot, he sees that it doesn't reach the demon's body, it was apparent that the armour boasted a considerable thickness.

"Just what are you? There ain't no way for a human to cause such wound!?"

"That only applies to your knowledge about the human race though." (Renya)

While using a tone as if he was dealing with an idiot, Renya sent a fed-up look at the demon.

To be frank, Renya has thought that the hit just now connected directly.

In other words, it was an attack he was quite confident in, but it was thwarted by the armour without even reaching the demon's body.

It won't be possible to cut him easily.

This fact makes Renya perceive it as tedious.

If I can't cut him easily, I have to decide the place I'm aiming for.

In the case that I play it by the book, I got to aim for the wrists and the inner parts of the elbow, which are the joints of the armour, the other side of the knee, the root of the thighs and the area around the armpits, however neither of them is a place that is very simple to aim for.

What's left is just the head which is exposed for some reason, but despite having strengthened his entire body this seriously, the fact of only the head being bare means that the head is a weak point? Renya asks himself.

Anyway, I cannot help but feel that he won't die even if I send his head flying.

This was something Renya derived from the matter with the Emil, the demon he had seen after coming to this world.

Even if he sent Emil's arms or head flying; as if being unable to resist it, the image of that demon has left a strong impression in Renya's mind.

“Earnestly defeating you looks to be troublesome. Demons, huh...” (Renya)

“Defeat? Who is going to defeat who? You bastard!?”

Renya avoids the attack, which is swung down at him after the demon charged in once again, by taking a stance with his legs in an L-shape.

However, without even time to switch to the offensive, he make a large leap.

In the instant he avoided the vertical cut, the demon stopped his slashing attack with all his strength and changed it into a sideways sweep.

The fact of swinging a large sword with one is already absurd, but as expected even Renya couldn't guess the demon's brute strength to switch it to a horizontal slash by stopping it halfway.

While widening the distance being overwhelmed by the sword wind clad in mana, he incidentally cuts off the torso of an ogre in the middle of leaping back and kills it in one strike.

“This continuous jumping around is annoying...”

“It's better than being pointlessly hard to the point of it being annoying.” (Renya)

Renya retorts to the demon who is grinding his teeth out of vexation.

“Tsk, try to exchange blows, human.”

“Don't say absurd things. Do you think that I'm able exchange blows with his fellow?” (Renya)

There's a large difference in size between the katana, Renya holds, and the large sword, the demon possesses.

Considering it normally, there's no way for a katana to be able to have a direct exchange of blows with a large sword.

The katana will quickly end up chipping or bending.

Renya was astounded by the stupid request the demon was making, but the demon

laughed with a broad grin.

“Then I will have you keep me company in an exchange of blows even if it’s unreasonable!”

Brandishing the large sword by holding it above his head, the demon swings it downwards in one go.

Renya stops moving for an instant as he isn’t able to understand what the demon wants to achieve with a strike that won’t breach the distance at all.

<That’s no good, Renya! A sword flash is coming!>

What he heard close to his ears is the voice of Croire .

Renya wasn’t able to comprehend what a sword flash means, but suddenly he recalls the physical pressure which accompanied the wind of the sword clad in mana.

At the moment he noticed it, it was already too late.

In front of Renya’s eyes a mana blow, which was fired from the large sword of the demon, approached.

Changing the way he holds his katana into grabbing it with both hands reflexively, Renya stops the assaulting mana blow with his katana.

Renya doesn’t know of its indestructible attribute, however the mana blow scatters in an instant.

“The real one comes here!”

Chasing after his own released blow, the demon charged in and struck a single hit after holding the sword aloft while aiming at Renya, who stopped moving to deal with the mana blow.

Renya has no time to avoid that attack as he had to defend against the mana blow.

Renya clicks his tongue lightly as he had lost any other way but receiving the next strike with the katana.

If it ends up receiving the blow of a large sword, the katana's blade will very likely chip or bend.

In the worst case the katana itself will break, I guess.

Even so, he has no other choice but to receive it.

A tool is to the bitter end a tool. I ought to include the possibility of it breaking in my plans.



While persuading himself like that, the action Renya chose was to open up to the left with his body at the moment he received the sword attack of the demon, who swings it downwards from a stance of holding it above his head, with the katana while sliding to his right side. It was a move to start an attack with the prepared katana while dealing with the demon's attack.

Usually, if you slash around the head area like this, it will become the technique called 「Return a headstrike with a headstrike*」 in kendo, but Renya is at that point in time thinking that the katana's blade has already broken.

Naturally he doesn't use the blade in the attack.

The back of the demon, who became defenceless as he was still dealing with the sinking blow in front of his eyes, becomes completely visible.

At this point Renya grasped the pommel of the katana with both hands and struck with it aiming at the demon's back.

The attack itself will be obstructed by the defence strength of the black armour, but the impact of being hit will be transmitted to the back as is.

The demon had his breathing clogged up by the impact, but enduring that, he tries to send a mowing-down attack at Renya's torso in the act of turning around.

However, that was an attack which Renya had predicted.

Placing his foot on the wrist which tries to change from swinging downwards to mowing down, he latches onto the force of the blow, which was swung with all of the demon's might, and lightly lands in the back.

Renya, who has landed, looks at the katana's blade with unpleasant emotions.

Renya thought *very likely it was broken*, but he can't find a single nick in the blade of the katana contrary to his expectations.

On the the other hand, the demon succumbed to an unbelievable experience once he looks down on his large sword.

The blade of the large sword, which can't be compared to a katana in its weight and thickness, had developed a crack, albeit only slightly, with a chip in the blade at the

place they exchanged blows.

“What the fuck is this? You bastard and that weapon!”

“Well, I don’t have any intention to explain though.” (Renya)

Renya, who changed the katana’s direction by turning it around in his hand, returns it to the scabbard temporarily.

The katana returned to the scabbard without showing any kind of resistance.

“It’s not warped either, huh? That’s quite the durable katana... a different world correction?” (Renya)

“What kind of unknown nonsense are you muttering about?”

The demon says in irritation, but based on the immediately following restart of the battle, his body’s movements have become considerably dull.

His body ends up accumulating damage due to the situation of him forcibly launching an attack as immediate counter to the attacks which were accompanied by impacts making him choke while the weeds’ constraint is simply doing its work below his feet.

Renya, who confronted him, concluded that there was zero damage to the katana’s blade due to the exchange just now by drawing the blade several times in and out of the scabbard.

I absolutely don’t know how this works, but as reality is reality, I should simply accept it, Renya judges.

“So, that means...” (Renya)

Smoothly unsheathing the katana which was in its scabbard and preparing it in both hands, Renya mutters that.

“Let’s have an exchange of blows, just as you wished, in the second round, demon?” (Renya)

“I won’t allow the likes of humans to make fun of me!”

While breathing roughly, the demon sent forth a slashing attack without dropping the power of the attack and this time Renya likewise met that by attacking with a full power slash.

CHAPTER 62

IT SEEMS TO BE THE CONTINUATION OF THE BATTLE

An unbelievable spectacle unfolded on the battlefield.

A male human in black clothes, who is around one or two heads smaller than the demon, grasps the blade of a thin katana and receives, wards off and repels the blows of a large sword, which likely would mean certain death if it hit, released by a demon with his entire body clad in a black armour.

“You know, there’s no need for something like that once I get used to it, oy?”

While raising a laughter, Renya repels the demon’s attacks one after the other.

Each time the large sword and the katana clash, sparks are sent flying and a high-pitched metallic sound reverberates to the surroundings.

The large sword, which was repelled by Renya, has its trajectory twisted and is hurled in a direction not intended by the demon, however each time that happened, the demon forcibly returned it into the proper trajectory with brute strength and connected it to the next attack.

“Th-is! Fuck!”

No matter how much the demon roars, no matter with how much strength he wields his large sword, the trajectories of Renya’s slashes never become unstable.

With extreme accuracy he repels the demon’s large sword and once in a while his blade reaches the black-full-body armour.

Due to Renya’s slashes gradually increasing in speed during the rally, the demon’s expression is tinged with impatience.

The demon, who was at last defeated after countless exchanges, temporarily leaped back to recover and regain control.

Not chasing there, Renya addresses the demon in a slightly kill-joyed voice.

“So you pull back? That’s a poor move, isn’t it?” (Renya)

“What are!?”

In front of the demon, who was about to answer, more than 10 parallel activated <Magic Bullet> approach from Renya.

The demon barely cleared away four magic bullets from those thrown at him with his large sword, but at the moment the blade met with the 5th magic bullet, the large sword broke unable to endure the strain at last.

Throwing away the large sword which lost its intended use, the demon roars with mana charged into his voice.

Overwhelmed by the magic power, the remaining magic bullets scattered in the air.

“That’s also a bad move. Why do you prefer defence over evasion, I wonder?” (Renya)

Renya’s voice resounded from right beside the demon.

Renya sunk his fist into the face of the demon who turned in the direction of the voice in panic.

The demon, who wants to somehow open up a distance, jumps back at will with the momentum of being hit, takes out a large sword from empty space and restrains Renya by immediately taking a stance.

Blood flowed in drops from his mouth and nose.

“A void storage user, huh? Although that’s amazing, since your own strength is pointlessly high, your combat techniques are clumsy.” (Renya)

Renya says with an amazed tone while shaking his limp right hand he just used to hit.

Before one knows it, the katana has been sheathed into the scabbard at his waist.

“So, now that your weapon is brand new, come at me quickly.” (Renya)

The demon doesn’t return any words even when he is beckoned.

If you look at his body with only your eyes, the armour, which should boast of a considerable defence strength, is riddled all over with cuts similar to gouging it out deeply.

It's the places hit by Renya.

It should have been an article of rare beauty which can't be even scratched by something like a human weapon, but the armour worn by the demon has ended up tattered in the exchange of blows with Renya in a short time.

Once you turn your sight at the discarded large sword, the result of the exchange can be seen over there as well since the large sword is cover all over in cracks.

It was something Renya doesn't know, but this demon wields swords which have his own mana loaded into them.

That's why it's far more sturdy than a regular sword and its power is high as well. On top of that it's possible to use long range attacks with it. And in addition to that it could even repel spells.

The demon harbours fear due to the fact that such large sword didn't withstand Renya's slashes.

It's an impossible story for a human weapon.

"What's with that weapon!? Where the hell did you get it!?"

"I bartered it from a peddler." (Renya)

The demon becomes speechless due to the readily given reply.

"That's impossible! Something like a peddler dealing with such goods is..."

"Although that's what you say, the truth is the truth, you know." (Renya)

Although she was certainly a suspicious peddler, Renya adds in his mind.

"I received it in exchange for a 10th grade item called bamboo sword. Somehow grade 10 seems to be amazingly rare." (Renya)

“10th grade!? An artefact!?”

“Ah, somehow it had such an explanation added to it, I think.” (Renya)

Renya indifferently nods to the words of the demon which resembled a scream.

No matter how surprised the demon is, Renya isn't able to understand why that's the case.

“Are you an idiot!? If it's an artefact, it's a remainder of the age of gods! Even if you travel all continents of this world, it's an item that doesn't exist except in legends!? And you exchanged that, you say!?”

“... Hee, that's amazing.” (Renya)

The demon stresses it with a force that bubbles foam from his mouth, however for Renya it doesn't click even now.

To begin with, since it was an item I received from that little girl at the time I was send over to the world here, isn't it obvious for it to wear the name of being a remainder of the age of gods? That's the extent of Renya's thoughts.

Moreover, no matter how amazing you call it, the thing itself is a bamboo sword.

From Renya's point of view, he can't understand what's so great about that at all.

“What the hell are you...?”

Due to Renya's expression not changing overly much, the demon stared at him with a look as if he is seeing a ghost, but pulling himself together right away he yells out loudly so that it echoes in the vicinity.

“Soldiers! Confine this guy!”

“Oh?” (Renya)

Renya tilts his head to the side due to the strange order the demon began to give.

Goblins and orcs, who heard the demon's order, started to surround Renya.

“Whoa! Even if you were to spur on these fellows this late in the game...” (Renya)

“You lot! Confine this guy! I will return to the country!”

“... Haa?” (Renya)

Renya frowned asking himself “what is that guy talking about?”, but the demon doesn’t care about that.

At that time the matter with the elven race had already completely vanished from within the demon’s mind.

Rather than such trivial matter, if I don’t immediately return to the country with the information of this weird human, is the thought that is driving him.

Not only can he fight above equal with me, who is a demon, in the body of a human, but he has a history of having possessed an artefact. Moreover, letting go of that he obtained a weapon that isn’t imaginable with common sense as item.

Even though it’s already abnormal for a human to fight with a demon by himself, the normally unthinkable idea of letting go of an artefact and instead obtaining a weapon is an absurdity.

Moreover, although it’s just my intuition, wasn’t the existence of this human the driving force behind the scenes for the tenacious resistance of the elves this time? The demon wonders.

Isn’t it possible that this will become a threat for the demons? He considered.

“Human man! I want you to draw back here! Let me just hear you name first! Introduce yourself!”

“What kind of stupid bullshit are you spouting?” (Renya)

Renya, who was utterly amazed, looks fleetingly at the orcs and goblins crowding around him.

Although it’s for an instant, the feet of the monsters stopped due to the pressure in his gaze.

Although it's only a small amount of time, this instant is more than enough for Renya.

While displaying one rotation by turning around his body right there, the flash of unsheathing his katana from the scabbard runs through the bodies of the monsters, who surrounded Renya, splits them apart in an instant and changes them into meat.

Without even looking at the lumps of meat dropping on the ground, Renya ran while aiming at the demon who is in the process of switching to escape.

The monsters, who stand in the way as they loyally execute their orders, are cut on the spot and spill their blood on the ground.

"This... monster is!?"

Even though the demon released a slash in desperation in order to mow him down, it doesn't reach Renya's body.

In the next instant when the demon thought *he dodged it*, Renya's figure stood right in front of the demon's eyes.

"Who told you that it's fine to run away?" (Renya)

The point of the katana, which is held by the asking Renya, is piercing very deeply into the demon's right thigh from right in front.

A groan rose from the demon's throat due to the delayed pain.

Renya, who turned around the katana with a grinding sound as if wrenching open that wound, extracts the katana from the thigh after spending plenty of time to enlarge the wound.

Spilling the blood which followed the pulled out katana, the demon reflexively drops his large sword and goes down on his knees, but Renya sends a flying kick at the collar of the demon, who had lowered his body due to him falling to his knees, and makes his body topple to the ground.

"Hey, hey! Something like letting go of your weapon during combat, you really can't be helped." (Renya)

Once Renya points at it while sighing, the demon sidles up to his own weapon while

trying to crawl. *Did he finally realize that he had dropped it?*

Renya, who went ahead before the demon can grab the hilt of his weapon with his hand, sent the large sword flying by kicking it into a distance where the hands of the demon won't reach.

"It's a weapon you let go of once, so don't expect it to be usable a second time, weren't you taught that?" (Renya)

"Guu, this!"

Is the side of the foot, which was pierced by the katana, restricted? The demon wasn't able to stand up even if he tried to do so, but somehow he advances by struggling on the ground to get away from Renya.

Renya looked at that appearance with a cold gaze, however before long he slowly followed him while carrying the drawn katana in his hand.

"D-Don't come!"

"Something like trying to run away at this point in time, there's no way for such a selfish story to pass, right?" (Renya)

His words are very calm, but the atmosphere emitted by him is changing little by little.

While feeling something cold travel down his spine, the demon cried.

"Soldiers! Kill this guy! Save me!"

"Once again asking such unreasonable things..." (Renya)

Rather than the demon, who is crawling on the ground, the speed of Renya, who is walking normally, is naturally faster.

Renya, who caught up right away, casually raised the katana overhead.

In response to that, the demon raises his left arm and protects his head.

The black iron armour had certainly suffered deep cuts from Renya's slashes, but there still isn't a place where it has been cut apart.

The demon thought that it was something that will be able to protect him plentifully.

“I mostly grasped the way to cut that.” (Renya)

He swings down the katana quietly and soundlessly.

It wasn't a fast sword attack, but it was a very calm hit that caused a somewhat painful reaction.

The demon, who watched that in a daze, isn't able to do anything but simply stare as the left arm, which was severed from the area around the elbow together with the black iron armour, drops without being able to say anything after several seconds since the katana passed through.

“First off, there's no way for the current me to let goblins and orcs get close to me, is there?” (Renya)

Renya says while looking down on the demon who began to writhe in the attacking pain while he suppresses the blood, which spouts out from the cut off elbow, with his right hand.

His look is ice cold and his thick thirst for blood is spreading to the surroundings.

Since the time when the atmosphere around Renya began to change, the monsters have left in order to escape from Renya.

That was their nature, which sensed something dangerous to their lives, being able to use its intuition albeit having low intelligence.

They know, whether they want to or not, what's in the range of that's hands is close to looking into the abyss of hell and it won't be strange for them getting kicked down there at any time.

Once they understood that, no matter how small their intelligence may be, even among the monsters like goblins and orcs there isn't a single one to do something reckless like trying to approach Renya.

“There's finally only left to do you in. You won't escape this late in the game, right? Oy?” (Renya)

There's no reply to the inquiring words of Renya.

Renya's words don't reach the ears of the demon who had his arm cut off and sent flying.

Renya, who looks at that demon's state with a sullen expression, once more swings the katana at the area around the left leg's knee in a casual manner.

The black iron armour, which caught Renya's slashes, albeit only somehow, until now, was unbelievably torn to pieces and the demon's left foot was completely cut off from the knee.

"Stop! Please stop!"

"Stop, you say?" (Renya)

"Please stop it! Please save me!"

Once he replies to the question by the voice of Renya, who was filled with blood thirst, the demon begins to beg for his life as he had already lost any shame and honour.

"A-A human doing something like this to us, do you think that it will simply end with this!?"

"You, are you speaking from a superior or from an inferior position? How about at least deciding on one of them?" (Renya)

The demon tries to get away from Renya with his remaining limbs.

The blood, which flows out from the wounds at the limbs which were cut off, had quite the force and quantity.

While thinking *I guess he won't last long if it's like this*, Renya gets close to the struggling demon after picking up the demon's large sword he kicked away himself, traps his foot with his body and turns him over so that he is lying face down.

His aim is the border between hips and torso which are the moveable parts.

Once he stabs that part with all his strength while holding the demon's large sword in a backhand grip, the large sword penetrates the demon's body from a gap in the

armour and and affixes his body to the ground.

The scream of the demon echoed throughout the forest's night.

CHAPTER 63

IT SEEMS TO BE THE END OF THE BATTLE

It was a very strange scene of a man, who exceeds two meters in height, to be stitched to the ground by a sword piercing through his back in a state of him having lost an arm and a leg.

If seen from the eyes of a human, that unbelievable spectacle would make them doubt reality or the contents of their own brain, but Renya doesn't have any kind of deep emotions about it.

Renya, who looked down on the demon who isn't stopping to struggle, as he is trying to escape or because of the pain, while the blood is gushing out, stepped on the hilt of the stabbed-in large sword and drove in the blade further deep down so that the demon can't pull it out at all.

Without listening to the scream which was raised for a second time, Renya surveys the situation in his vicinity.

Although Renya held out for quite long and the elves did their very best by taking over the offensive from him, a number of 20.000 isn't an amount which will collapse easily and quickly after all.

The number of deaths on the battlefield is to an extent that the air within the forest is tinged with the stench of blood. Moreover, the monsters are continuing their attack.

However, that happened while the number of attacks went down, albeit only little by little.

It's likely that the news of the defeat of the demon, who is the head of the army, is spreading amongst the monsters, Renya guesses.

If the head is gone, a common army will be reduced to a disorderly mob, no matter how many numbers they had.

Moreover, where a crowd of monsters which aren't overly bright is concerned, once a strong person gets defeated, it's difficult for the ones under them to continue fighting.

“And yet the war is still continuing. How truly troublesome.” (Renya)

Once he grinds the hilt of the large sword while stepping on it, the scream of the demon, which doesn't consist of any words, raises in tone.

It looked like he was incessantly talking about something, but Renya doesn't know what he is saying.

Although it is entering his ears as words, he can't bring himself to understand it in any way.

Once he tries to forcibly understand the words, it seems to be an endless repetition of the same old phrases like 「Stop」, 「Save me」 and 「If you do such things...」.

That's completely cryptic, Renya shrugs his shoulders.

If this was about a general of an army, who properly treated the soldiers of the defence fortress and the elves working in there as prisoners, I would be able to show sympathy.

As you guys felt that you treated us properly, it is an extremely respectable demand to wish for our treatment to follow that example as well.

However, although Renya hasn't seen the actual site, the demon and monsters should have trampled down the defence fortress to their heart's content.

Without any scruples they should have done deeds, which are too disgusting to even imagine, to the soldiers and the women working in the fortress to a degree that there aren't even any corpses left.

For such person to start talking about doing something about their treatment just because the positions have been reversed is really laughable, Renya thinks.

Since they came and started a violent war, they shouldn't be in any position to complain if they get annihilated in reverse.

Once he starts to think like that, Renya considers the demon, who is making a racket by squealing around under his feet, as extremely disgusting and thus tramples down the hilt of large sword even more without any hesitation.

“You know, how about trying to reflect on your actions a bit?” (Renya)

While hearing the demon's scream go to the yet highest level, Renya addresses the demon below his feet.

The sound of his voice is very gentle, but that gentleness basks the demon in terror instead.

"Reflecting on what you lot did, are you expecting for a fraction that you will be allowed to receive help? If you really believe that, I'm impressed of your fairly naive way of thinking." (Renya)

Renya said it like that, but there's also another reason why he doesn't feel inclined to let the demon under his feet escape.

Once this demon saw the weapon of Renya, he started to talk about returning to his country.

That means, this demon probably recognised me as threat or risk factor, Renya assesses.

In other words, if this demon returns to his country alive, the information 「There is a dangerous person called Renya = Kunugi among the human race」 will become known by the demons.

Renya didn't believe that he is such a dangerous being even a bit, however the issue is how the other side will think about that. If he ended up getting such label once, the demons would likely try to take some measures against Renya at any opportunity.

Renya didn't consider that as great problem, but if it's possible, it won't hurt to keep the amount of problems small.

It will be a great joy for him, if he can live by eating suitably delicious stuff, having a comfortable home and somewhat serve people, who are a good addition in those areas, until his life span ends.

Although I will ward off sparks that rain or fall down, I don't want to increase the sparks on my own accord.

Though, am I not naturally plunging into a downpour of sparks voluntarily, Renya thinks occasionally.

There's nothing but giving up on that as it can't be helped that there are inconsistent

situations.

No matter how much I don't waver, even if I wish for an uniform way of life, that's not something I can decide.

"Enough of that..." (Renya)

In order to check the true identity of the voice he heard during the battle, Renya focusses his mind.

The technique, which is called telepathic communication, was something Renya was able to use as well, albeit it was only somewhat, as he used it with Frau once in a while.

<Croire ? Croire -san the precipice?> (Renya)

<Who is a precipice!? Could you stop attaching weird nicknames to me? Although they are modest, that place is properly swelling and soft, even in my case!> (Croire)

The reply came right away.

Setting aside his light surprise whether there's a place which is soft or swelling, though it's for the time being, Renya continues the conversation.

<How's the situation on your side? I have settled the matter with the demon here.> (Renya)

<It's at the point that the enemy forces are scraping at the core of the defence. We are barely holding out, but casualties have started to appear. The monsters are beginning to leave the barrier... eh? You defeated the demon!?!> (Croire)

<I defeated him. He is still alive though. Didn't you see it?> (Renya)

I might have taken a hit if not for Croire 's warning at the time the demon launched his attack.

It's not so bad if it's about spells, but from the view point of Renya, who is no more than a self-proclaimed normal swordsman, something like a sword flash being hurled at him exceeds the scope of his imagination.

<At the beginning I watched the fight, but not so much after halfway through.> (Croire)

<Well, I guess that makes sense.> (Renya)

<Rather than that, please help us over here! I have somehow a feeling that it will be really close.> (Croire)

Impatience is mixed in her voice, or rather her thoughts.

While wondering whether the situation was that bad, Renya answered.

<Huh? I already finished my job.> (Renya)

In Renya's opinion the defence would be somehow successful with only the elves by maintaining the elven barrier as long as the mana for attacking didn't become insufficient and if there was no demon.

Even without that, before Renya entered into combat with the demon, he had decreased the enemy numbers considerably. There are also many monsters who killed themselves.

Casualties will certainly appear, but that won't lead to a collapse, he believed.

<We will give you a reward! Please!> (Croire)

<Reward, eh... that depends on what you will give me, you know.> (Renya)

<What's good for you!? If it suits you, anything's fine!? I will offer you all tastes, the elves can provide, to your heart's content!> (Croire)

<... A carnivorous blonde is good enough.> (Renya)

Renya inclines his head to the side thinking that his choice might be a bit inadequate while answering.

The telepathic communication with Croire gives him the impression that he has still much more leeway around the area of inserting erotic topics as reward. In fact, that's because he noticed that she was apparently at her wit's end to the degree of not minding her appearance.

The thing called telepathic communication is like a direct connection between minds and conveys quite directly things like wavering in the emotions of the person you talk

with.

<You are an elf that handles her workman quite roughly...> (Renya)

<I will bear responsibility for all objections like grumbles or complaints. As all of it will be addressed later on, please hurry~!> (Croire)

Finally, while listening to the thoughts of Croire who started to cry, Renya returns to the elven encampment by hastening his walking, though only a bit.

Speaking of the conclusion, with Renya joining the fray, the defence line at the elven encampment became stable really easily and the scales of war tilted to predominance for the elven side.

A great number of monsters switched to escape at the moment the demon, who was the head of the army, was defeated. Even the monsters who hid from Renya's eyes and had quite the will-power to steadily think that they will go back once they eat an elf, are at a loss how to continue with the do-or-die resistance of the elves and understand, even if only reluctantly, that anymore fighting will just increase the casualties once Renya came running with great haste.

However, at the time they realized it, it was already too late. The monsters, who persisted against the elves to the bitter end, are cut and pierced. It turned into a mess for them and their corpses littered the ground.

"I-I thought I was going to die..." (Croire)

At the time the sky dawns faintly, almost all elves are sitting on the ground due to total exhaustion. Croire, who said that, was gasping roughly while likewise sitting among them.

With her clothes being torn all over, she is in a terrible state as she has moreover stains of blood everywhere.

At the time when the battle was about to end it turned several times into close combat with monsters who passed through the barrier. Each time Croire and the students of the school were thrown at the approaching monsters to achieve a numerical superiority and repelled them at any time.

Even though they had an absolute superiority in numbers it was the first time for most

of the school's students to directly cross weapons with monsters. In addition to the physical fatigue, their mental weariness was large.

"Such an exaggeration. It wasn't a big deal, was it? I even dealt with the demon."
(Renya)

The only one being full of spirit among everyone that doesn't feel like moving is Renya.

He is endlessly repeating the work of piling up the corpses of monsters, who have been stopped in the wilderness, scattered about in a range separated from the elven barrier which became the battlefield and whom he drags in in numbers of 5-6 at once, into a mountain after quickly dismantling them.

He is collecting the magic cores for the time being, although the ones from orcs and goblins are of low quality.

If it's ogre class, the quality of the magic core will gradually become good. Moreover, Renya, who was taught by Croire that it's apparently possible to sell the ogre's horn as raw material, ran around to gather the corpses as if it counts for anything.

By the way, the ogre's horns will become raw materials for strong nourishment medicines if you grind them into a powder after drying them in the sun.

"20.000 against 700!? Even without including the demon, I believe that was a completely a losing battle." (Croire)

"Can you really describe it as losing battle if you can launch spells ceaselessly without having to worry about mana running out and moreover with an adequate barrier established at the encampment?" (Renya)

Once Renya says "Though I intended to do it quite easily", Croire , who has no energy to rebute, sinks into silence.

Certainly, if there wasn't any mana supply from Renya, there's no doubt that it would have turned into a much more horrible battle.

Since we probably would be unable to deploy such huge barrier in the first place, we might have been going "Hii Hii" under the belly of a orc about right now after getting crushed by the violence of numbers, Croire is able to understand that as well.

Compared to that, it's likely no exaggeration to say that he did it fairly easily.

"If possible, I never want to do it again." (Croire)

"I can't promise you that at all." (Renya)

Right next to Renya, who is laughing while saying that, Frau is digging a hole with all her might.

Although she is digging a hole into the ground with utmost effort after having borrowed something from an elven soldier, which he apparently brought along with the intention to dig a trench, Croire doesn't know at all what the heck she is planning to use that hole for.

During the battle Frau worked quite a bit while joining the soldiers as well, but there's absolutely no hint of fatigue visible in her case.

Not only that. The hole, she is digging silently, has become quite large. One can see how Frau has been wholeheartedly digging the hole without rest.

"For the time being, please return to the city once and bring some oil and wood, Croire." (Renya)

"That's fine with me. But what will you use it for?" (Croire)

"There's plenty of monster corpses remaining in the wilderness." (Renya)

Renya says while surveying the battlefield which began to be illuminated by daylight.

"Don't you have to deal with the aftermath?" (Renya)

"That's indeed right. I will get it arranged right away. And let's get help by choosing the people with minor injuries from among the soldiers." (Croire)

"That will save me troubles. After this there will be an event, too." (Renya)

Croire felt somewhat uneasy due to the word event, but, without questioning it, she selects the soldiers to help Renya and goes to get the arrangements in order for carrying firewood and oil from the city.

“Frau, do you have something string-like which is durable and resistant to fire?”
(Renya)

“Master, use this ~no. It won’t burn. It won’t snap even if you pull 10 ogres with it ~no.” (Frau)

Renya receives the bundle of ropes held out by Frau.

“That’s amazing.” (Renya)

Finishing the series of work, Croire , who temporarily returned to the city, prepared the firewood and oil requested by Renya and, while at it, went to explain the situation to Shion and Rona, who remained on standby at the transfer gate.

Croire asked the two, who heard about Renya’s safety, to return to the city of Kukrika and entrusted them with her wish that they bring back the news about what happened here and what might happen on the human continent.

The two of them certainly agreed with her and passed through the transfer gate after asking Croire to give Renya a message that they went back ahead.

Croire , who saw the two’s backs off with a smile, returns to Renya’s location while pulling the a cart with their luggage.

Thereupon she saw Renya and Frau doing strange work.

While the soldiers, who helped out, watched over them with a somewhat complicated expression, Renya was constructing something by joining thick wood together crosswise.

After looking at that, Croire isn’t able to see what they are intending to do at all, but it looks like they are assembling a quite the thick live tree.

“Umm, Renya. I brought the firewood and oil.” (Croire)

Once she calls out to him timidly, Renya raises his face as if he had just noticed the existence of Croire .

“Ah, good job.” (Renya)

“And, I have a verbal message from Shion-san. I’m told that they will return to the human continent ahead of you since they understand that you are safe.” (Croire)

“I see. That’s true. I guess they have to go back to report about this time’s matter.” (Renya)

Even while nodding, Renya’s hands doesn’t stop to work.

Once he is able to link up the stand of the cross, Renya goes to pull a black object, that was left in a slightly separated place, with dragging sounds.

Croire , who looked towards that object, had her breath taken away.

The light purple hair was sullied with blood and dirt.

The entire body is covered by a black iron armour, but the left forearm up to the elbow and the left foot up to the knee are missing.

A large sword is embedded into the body from the backside. Croire immediately wondered whether it’s a corpse, but a short while looking at it she realizes that it’s still alive albeit breathing only faintly.

“T-That, is that possibly.” (Croire)

“Ah, yea. This time’s ringleader-like demon.” (Renya)

He heaves the demon, whom he dragged along, on to of the cross’ stand in order to for it to lie on it’s belly.

Given that the large sword is pierced into its back, it’s not possible to have it face up.

From there on he drives the blade, which is sticking out from the belly into the cross’ stand by hitting the hilt of the sword into the body’s back.

Although it raises a frail voice, Renya ignores that, stretches both arms on the pole of the horizontal part of the cross and binds the area around the elbows with a rope, he got from Frau. Then he places both legs onto the vertical part of the cross and binds them with a rope around the area of the knees.

Once he erects the cross in the central part of the hole, dug by Frau with all her might,

it completes the irregular crucifixion stand.

“Alright, all that’s left is to lay out firewood, oil and corpses of monsters under this guy’s feet.” (Renya)

The elven soldiers had somewhat a feeling to draw back due to Renya proclaiming this with a smile, however since it’s a fact that it won’t do if they don’t deal with the monster corpses, they start the work to move the monster corpses, which are still scattered about in the area, into the hole and onto the hill, which piled up after Renya pulled out the magic cores.

At the time they recovered their stamina somewhat, the majority of people, who participated in the battle, join in on the work and are able to pile up the monster corpses in the holes, Frau dug out at a quick pace, in elven wave tactics.

“Under his feet”, Renya said, but the finished mountain has ended up with a height burying the area around the demon’s chest completely.

“You bastards... doing such a thing... won’t finish with this...”

“Croire , can you please ignite it quickly since he’s troublesome?” (Renya)

“Eh? I have to do it?” (Croire)

Disregarding the voice of the demon which is audible in fragments, Renya told that Croire and Croire returned a question with an expression of surprise.

“Well, as long as it’s an elf, anyone will do though. Vengeance for the elves of the defence fortress, that’s the implication it has... besides, I believe you won’t be able to get much experience in setting a demon on fire, right?” (Renya)

“That’s true as well... well then.” (Croire)

While the other elven soldiers watch attentively, Croire , who takes one step forward, raises her voice and says to the demon,

“Demon! This is the fire of retribution for those of the fortress you killed cold bloodedly! Drop to hell after enjoying it to your heart’s content!” (Croire)

“St-... Sto-... p!”

Without even having an ear for the demon's constrained voice, Croire casts <Ignite>.

The mountain, which was plentifully drenched in oil, immediately raises a red flame and begins to burst into thunderous flames.

Within the piled up mountain the demon, who was the only one breathing in there, raised a painful scream as it's burning alive.

Because it is tough as thoughtless living creature, the demon will likely continue to burn for a considerable time until the end of its life.

Among the elves, who watch over that scene with various emotions within their chests, only Renya and Frau were moving as usual.

"Ah, it's finished, it's finally done. I wonder what I will receive as reward?" (Renya)

"Something that will turn into money or something that will be delicious is great, Frau thinks ~no." (Frau)

Can't you please shut up for a bit? Croire thought while gazing at the black smoke which is enveloping the flaring fire alongside listening to the demon's screams that are mixed within.



CHAPTER 63.5

IT SEEMS TO BE INTERLUDE 8

On that day I was at my wits' end once again.

I was watching all the worlds, which are established in parallel on layers, just as usual.

By the way, if one tried to count those parallel worlds, they would see that there are about 6.000.053.124.710 worlds in total.

Even if I say so myself, I did great to have created this many.

Or rather, to come up with so many variations, my brain is remarkable.

I wonder whether there's no one who will give me an award for my outstanding excellence.

Given that I have repeatedly raised them and made worthless worlds disappear, the figures' upper and lower limit is constantly changing, but generally it has settled on that number of worlds.

Apart from that.

What I'm concerned about this time is once again the former inhabitants of that star who crossed over to another world.

Good grief, it's difficult to comprehend the thoughts of those who have important positions in a fantasy world.

Once it got too troublesome, they decided to summon a person from another world.

Their own world has circumstances which are becoming a problem they can't resolve themselves, thus they decide to summon a person from another world to resolve them and they are even unable to understand that approach. I can't understand why they summon only people from that star just to depend on them once again.

Especially the people from the Far East island country of that star are nothing but

dangerous if summoned, although I don't know why.

At the time they are in their former world, they don't travel to many other regions or they are living creatures at the level of not paying attention even if there are many different regions, but for some reason they start to get very lively once they crossed over to another world.

Their trait is being able to calmly do actions like joyfully blowing off the heads of their fellow humans and monsters although their lives in their former world were similar to keeping others at distance by controlling their tempers.

Characters, that originally are unable to earn a single Yen, have a tendency to swiftly become very rich or talented.

They are an absolutely baffling existence.

The one I discovered this time was originally a brat... er, a young boy with a meek and obedient character, but due to him eventually experiencing dying several times until I found him, he apparently progressed in a somewhat strange direction and shook off his limits. If they looked like enemies, he will kill them. If they are enemy-like, he will kill them. Even if they aren't the enemy, he will kill them. It was after he became utterly dangerous like that.

But that's still fine.

If it's at that level, it will merely result in him being a person with mental issues.

Problem is the type of ability which bloomed after he shook off that limit.

Combining the different world's technical skill called alchemy with the knowledge he kept from his former world, he became the strongest... not. That ability, which blossomed, became a technical skill called 「Composite Alchemy」, but that's a big problem.

In a nutshell, this ability is a technical skill that allows its user to alchemize almost all materials he knows.

Incidentally, because he was a human around the age of adulthood on the island country of that star, he is strangely well-informed in the type of knowledge that he definitely won't use during his remaining life at all.

In other words, if one were to speak of what is happening...

“Ah, Master-sama. A city was blown away again.”

“That’s the 100 volley firing of a 80 cm Railway gun for you.”

“A dragon or such has noisily fallen to the ground.”

“Patriot missiles are excellent after all.”

“The simultaneous charge of ten thousands cavalry, that’s a magnificent view.”

“That’s unless the opponent hasn’t 100 smart tanks. By the way, the war heads use depleted uranium.”

“Isn’t full plate mail unable to defend against something like small arms at least?”

“Aren’t they using M2 heavy machine guns for that reason? If the enemy is strafed by those, it won’t be possible to make a distinction between people and garbage.”

“Ah, this time a castle somewhere was blown away, but wasn’t that the castle of the demon king?”

“That’s right. What hit them was a MGM -21A Pershing I.”

“That’s absurd. Isn’t it unusual for there to be a situation where humans and demons cooperate to oppose the hero?” (Giliel)

“Since you understand what’s unusual about it, shut your mouth...”

Once I say that with a fed-up tone, Giliel, who stared at the window, which portrayed that world, with sparkling eyes for some reason, becomes silent with an unhappy expression.

She apparently learned the reality that she doesn’t know what will happen if she isn’t silent.

At any rate, this is terrible. I return my eyes to the window.

The figures of knights, who are scattered while being blown away by the blasts of high-

explosive projectiles, are projected there.

At another place horses and people get reduced into small pieces together after receiving the hit of a tank's main battery directly from the front. The human bodies, which were strafed by a heavy machine gun, transformed into a state that can't be described as anything else but a beehive.

Once weapons are brought into a fantasy world, it becomes hopeless.

Since those are weapons, which the inhabitants over there are unable to understand in the first place, they don't have any idea of defending or avoiding those. Moreover, those are mostly weapons which have the force to break through their defences even if they try to defend.

"This world is already no good. It's at the level of whether the world will be destroyed today or tomorrow."

"An erasure process? How wasteful." (Giliel)

Although Giliel says that looking terribly regretful, there's no other way.

I open the menu at the top of the window, which showed the state of that world, start the process of deleting that world and close the window.

If I left the window open as is, I would probably be able to observe the detailed destruction of the world without leaving any trace behind after numerous natural disasters struck it. I don't feel overly keen on watching that.

Once I have decided on erasure, the influence, which is given to that world, loses its structure and will be ignored from then on.

Since I'm the supervisor of that world, I take all of its authorities away and send the manager himself to another world after demoting them.

Because they made a failure similar to destroying a world, they will have to strive at the lowest social strata as one of the angels for a while.

I, who indifferently finished those processes, am called out by Giliel who apparently estimated the end of the processes.

“Master-sama, I have a little something to report.” (Giliel)

“What? I will tell you for the time being, but I’m currently very ill-humoured.”

If there’s one world that ended up collapsing, it’s naturally indispensable to prepare a new world instead.

Since I have several patterns for the creation itself, one of those will be ready once I tamper a bit with the selection of the included components, but that doesn’t overturn the fact that my work has increased.

Giliel, who hears the word ill-humoured, seemed to gradually get hesitant whether she should report, however seeing that she started to talk about having a report, she didn’t have the choice to leave me by pretending to not know this late in the game either. She opened her mouth uneasily.

“Umm, it’s talk about the world I’ve been send to in order to be in charge of Renya-san.” (Giliel)

“Ah, that place, eh?”

“It looks like the jindori game has restarted after all. This time it’s led by the manager who’s responsible for the demons.” (Giliel)

Since it was a situation I expected to some extent, my reaction was limited to a light clicking of my tongue.

Was my reaction unexpectedly smaller than she thought it would be? Giliel looks my way with a blank expression.

“It’s because I expected it to happen. But, isn’t it a bit too early? There should be time for him to take action after sensing unsettling developments.”

“Apparently there’s a reason for that...” (Giliel)

Giliel appears to somehow have difficulty to speak about it.

Since it will result in her reporting it in the end anyway, I will be grateful if she hurries up confessing since it’s unnecessary to strangely build up the tension. While thinking *therefore, come on*, I wait for Giliel to open her mouth.

“For the sake of alleviating the lack of resources of that world, we sent Renya-san while carrying some of those resources, but...” (Giliel)

“That’s true. We have to thank Renya for that.”

If Renya didn’t agree at that time, it would have been a place about to disappear if we didn’t conduct a selection of a soul that is compatible to the conditions by slowly checking several billion souls again.

Due to the implication that this task was reduced, it’s indispensable to accordingly thank him for that, I believe.

“Thanks to those resources, the world had been revitalized to some extent.” (Giliel)

“Uh-huh, so?”

“Thanks to the revitalization of the world... it seems a demon king was born among the demons...” (Giliel)

“Ah...”

There isn’t anything like being born with the lineage of demon king in that world.

A demon, who has considerable power, breaks one day suddenly through the limit and wakes up as demon king.

It’s expressed as “He was born”, but at the time when the world was weakening due to the lack of resources, the demons were affected by that effect as well. An overly powerful demon wouldn’t come forth or, even if they came forth, they would be limited to a suitable level. That situation continued.

Thanks to Renya going into that world while carrying resources with him, that world was able to head in the direction of revitalization albeit only slightly.

It seems that this revitalization share ended up producing the leeway for a demon king to be born.

In that case, it’s that manager.

Since he was able to obtain a strong game piece, it wasn’t difficult to imagine for him

to once again restart the jindori game similar to a neighbourhood's brat saying "Let's play"... er, to please the other children.

"Those stupid brats..."

"Master-sama!? Don't do anything rash!" (Giliel)

Due to Giliel's flustered voice, I regain my cool I had started to lose.

Dangerous, dangerous, if I got a bit more angry, I would have used my authority against that world.

Of course it would have become an extinct place without anything remaining, even without traces of the bodies of the 5 stupid brats... no, managers.

That would have become another plain destruction.

If I ended up doing such things, it won't make any sense to expressly send a human to a different world and to bow my head to him.

In the first place, I have absolutely no worries concerning the person called Renya.

This Giliel, who is trembling slightly in front of me, will probably salvage that Renya person from that world at full speed, if she was worried over me really doing it.

I have given her at least this much ability and power.

It's absolutely necessary to prepare the plan to send him for his remaining life to another world after earnestly apologizing to Renya who came here after his death.

The problem is that katana, which Renya possesses, though.

If you only go by the words "Katana which boasts of possessing the 10th grade and is indestructible" then that's all there is to it, but in reality that has become an item which is named as weapon from the age of gods.

Although it's by the way, but the quality of grades in that world is split into 10 levels, from 1st grade, which are inferior goods, up to the 10th grade which are goods not from that world.

The katana, which was secretly taken from Renya's grave, was 7th grade which can be somehow said to be made by a craftsman at the level to be called a divine artisan, but its status was elevated to 10th grade once the indestructible attribute was added to it.

That's because goods, which possess the indestructible attribute, don't exist in that world. Items, which have that attribute, are marked as 10th grade in that world, without exception.

In other words, it's not something that should be possessed by people. It's a weapon created to be wielded by beings like us.

If you ask what I want to say with that; that means that katana is a weapon which can cause damage to beings like Giliel and the managers of that world, and that includes even me.

To cut a long story short, I, who had my head hit with a flying kick at full power when I was talking about what I'd like him to do in the different world, would undoubtedly have been hacked into pieces by that katana if I had said something like "Sorry, do your best living in another world since I ended up destroying that world."

I'm not able to give a clear answer to the question whether I would be able to keep my existence in that case.

I have peeked at Renya's battle scenes several times, but I can't say anything but "that's the result of specialized techniques to thoroughly kill someone."

"And there's additional information." (Giliel)

"What? There's still more?"

"Won't that result in capture of Renya by the human and elven managers?" (Giliel)

"Well... It's not like I don't understand that feeling."

They are not the types to neglect an individual, who possesses that much of combat prowess, usually.

Moreover, the fate of the humans and elves is linked to Renya to some extent.

If the manager of the demons obtained the piece called demon lord, you could say that

it's a natural flow for him to become an absolutely desired game piece.

Of course the humans and elves shouldn't have yet obtained the information about the birth of the demon king, but with the matter of the demons' movements increasing, they should understand it right away.

Thinking up to here, I'm suddenly reminded of a fact.

As the fact, I ended up remembering, increases my workload drastically, I firmly restrain my reflexive feeling of being at my wits' end and tried asking Giliel, who is looking my way with a worried face.

"If we go with that flow... there will be one worrisome factor."

"I don't know whether Master-sama's worries will come true. ... The human's side feels inclined to the act of summoning a hero." (Giliel)

I wasn't able to suppress my trembling voice due to the remark of Giliel which is foreseeing my concern.

"H-H-He-He-H-...."

"Scrawny*?" (Giliel) *(T/N: A word game on the katakana used by the little girl above)*

She tilts her head to the side, probably to look lovely? Kicking Giliel who spouts retarded words from her mouth, I shouted,

"It's something else, idiot! Don't increase my workload any more!"

It's unthinkable for my shout to reach anyone.

Even if 100 agreed to to such matter, I wasn't able to do anything but to scream.

Since immemorial times the hero summoning has been revered as the ultimate salvation.

If another unpredictable component is added to that world managed by those unpredictable managers, my workload will increase without a doubt.

"I have had enough already! Someone change with me!"

“It’s not like there’s a being who can replace you, is there?” (Giliel)

I mercilessly sank my fist into the face of Giliel who says that in an awfully calm voice.

CHAPTER 64

IT SEEMS A FAMOUS PERSON HAS COME

Why did it turn out like this? Renya thought while absent-mindedly rubbing the cup in his hands.

What has been poured into the cup is a tea that has a taste resembling what is called green tea in his previous world.

There are different kinds of black and green tea in this world as well, but although black tea has doubtlessly the taste of black tea, the green tea, drunk in the elven country, is somehow different, Renya had a feeling.

Even though its scent and taste resembles the green tea of my previous world, I can't help but feel that there's a sweetness and an unique fragrance in the green tea, albeit only faintly.

Although it is kind of like green tea, doesn't it have a smell of fresh wood? Renya wonders.

Likely the preservation method is to store it by putting it into some wooden container, but didn't the smell of that container end up permeating the leaves? That's Renya's conjecture.

It's not a disgusting taste, but I cannot deny the impression that it has killed the refreshing aroma of tea all the same.

As for the sweetness, Renya doesn't want to believe it overly much, but he wonders whether sugar has been added.

According to Renya's knowledge there were people who drank something like green tea with sugar and milk in his previous world, but it's not something he is fond of no matter what.

Summing it up, this beverage, he was offered, was something that didn't suit Renya's taste.

Well, it can't be helped, he persuades himself.

It's a truly impolite act to nitpick over the food offered even if I consider the differences in taste between elves and humans, Renya judges.

Setting aside his pondering related to tea, Renya looks at the situation he has been plunged into.

On top of his knees, Frau is sipping tea holding the cup with both hands while blowing on it to cool it down.

He has a feeling that giving her a shoulder ride or letting her sit on his knees has practically become her usual manner, but Renya allows it since there's no real harm in doing so either.

On Renya's left there is Rona in her priestess' garb who is tasting the tea while holding the cup with both hands as well.

Although she has a calm expression, Renya felt uneasy about seeing her expression looking somewhat jealous when she occasionally glanced at Frau's situation. However, since it has no relation to grasping his current circumstances, he has decided that he didn't see that.

Even further on the left was Shion who had an appearance as if her clothes were those of a shrine maiden, if going by the design, with her usual black tunic and red hakama. She continues to send a gaze, as if threatening, to the opposite side of the table with the cup left standing there as is.

The one who is at the destination of that gaze is Croire .

Without hesitation she is returning a glare at Shion with her cup being untouched as well.



Did something happen between those two? There wasn't any cause Renya was aware of, but it was definitely something dangerous going by the mood.

There's a reason for this.

If you make a round trip by going through the transfer gate and returning it is also necessary to delay it by two days for various formalities in the case the destination being the elven country.

Without letting "we just went back and forth a moment ago, so let us return" simply pass, the procedure is for the sake of redoing it from the beginning again.

Using that, Croire tried to take Renya along to the imperial capital, which is the capital city of the elven country, during those two days after Shion and Rona returned to the city of Kukrika.

On paper it was to discuss and hand over the reward.

In truth, after inviting Renya deeply into the elven country, she had the intention of asking him to take permanent residence there without returning to the human continent if possible.

Even more than the benefit of detaining Renya, who possesses such an incredible mana and fighting strength, in the elven country, it has originated from Croire herself not wishing for Renya to go back.

The title emperor's daughter, albeit it might be the 35th, is capable of exercising this much authority.

Although it's a digression, but if you have a pedigree with an accordingly prosperous status in the elven country, it's not unusual for the number of sons and daughters to surpass 30.

If you are able to support them after producing them, there probably won't be any feelings of guilt in making them either, is the elves' sense of value. Because they possess life spans and youthfulness which make that possible, that's something natural, one might say.

The elves' fertility is fairly strong in this world.

If that wasn't the case, the elves likely wouldn't be able to conquer a continent with only one race.

Let's return to the story.

Croire's plan ran into troubles because of the resistance by Renya who sensed her intentions, even if just slightly, but it was Shion who gave it the final blow.

Shion, who originally shouldn't have been able to return within those two days, easily came back to the elven country the next day.

As expected, even Croire was surprised by that.

She re-examined the formalities in panic, however it looked like Shion got the permission to use the transfer gate with the quite forceful method of bypassing the regular formalities.

It's not like that's impossible.

It's not like it was impossible, but one has to be able to request a suitable authority for the sake of doing that.

Croire was in a hurry to simply get Renya's promise to go to the imperial capital before Shion returns to Renya's location. Shion barged in while Croire was in the middle of persuading Renya.

Just like that Shion, who quickly grasped what kind of situation it was, began to quarrel with Croire, it started to turn into mayhem and in the end Renya swiftly silenced Shion and Croire by freely using both of his hands as iron claws while smiling cheerfully.

While being suspicious what kind of quarrel came into existence without translation between the human and elvish language, Renya gave them a warning that he will break off with them if they persist on kicking up a fuss any further and, since it was unbearable for them to get separated from him, Shion and Croire only glared at each other.

With Rona and Frau maintaining an indifferent stance towards this whole spectacle, the elven guard nearby, who started to ponder how Renya was able to cope with such situations, politely called out to Renya telling him to go to the guest room due to the

arrival of a visitor.

And like that we arrived in the present time, but, Renya turns a fed-up look to the head of the table.

The one sitting there was, in a single word, a handsome man.

The existence called an ikemen.

With beautifully arranged blonde hair which is short and silky, I guess there's no doubt that 9 out of 10 people would look back twice, if they pass him, wondering whether he's a woman with that well-featured look.

The light green attire, he is wearing, is adorned with ornaments at a level of not being gaudy although they are gorgeous. He is grasping a bishop's staff, which has jewels embedded, in his slender and supple hand.

Behind him there are several fully armed elven soldiers. They are waiting for orders while standing at attention with quite the nervousness which matched the atmosphere caused by the sitting person. It was easy to guess that this is an elf with a considerable social status.

“Hey... are you the real deal?” (Renya)

While wondering whether he is the real deal, Renya tries to ask in order to make sure more or less.

Croire previously explained who this person was, but he isn't quite able to believe it, or rather the actual feeling hasn't sunk in yet.

Thinking normally, the person Croire talked about shouldn't be able to go out readily.

Even when Renya pointed a look of distrust at him, that person at the head of the table didn't seem to take any offence and only tilted his head to the head slightly.

With each of his movements being strangely refined, Renya thinks that he is the real deal after all.

“Real deal, that means?”

The replying voice is a low and beautiful voice that is well able to pass.

It contains a charm to it at the level of possibly paralysing one with only a whisper close to one's ears.

"What I'm asking is whether the you, who's visiting in front of me, is really Royce Pas Tifalet who is from the viewpoint of a human like me an unbelievable studhorse who made 35 children?" (Renya)

Due to Renya's question, the the air in the room froze, is not what happened.

Just as before the the soldiers had tense expressions. The person himself, who was denounced as studhorse, has a so-so, calm expression where one doesn't know whether he has heard it or not.

So far as it goes, Shion's and Rona's expressions became stiff. Croire has fallen onto the table and isn't moving anymore, even not a twitch.

"Let's answer with "no" if it's that question."

Renya believed that he would undoubtedly lose his temper, however the person at the head of the table shook his head slowly left and right in a graceful manner and denied Renya's question.

Wondering whether it was the overflowing elegance in the act of shaking his head or the tremendousness of a noble person, Renya was immediately puzzled.

That answer means that the person in front of me isn't his Majesty, the Emperor, Croire talked about. Isn't that so?

"What do you mean?" (Renya)

"That is."

The person at the head of the table continues his words after straightening himself a bit.

"There's no doubt that I'm the 12th Emperor called Royce Pas Tifalet." (Royce)

"I see?" (Renya)

“But, although it’s an unbelievable story from the standpoint of a human like you, the number of children I produced surpasses more than 100 if you also include the illegitimate children that haven’t been acknowledged. The number of children I produced with my legal wife is certainly 35, but it’s a mistake if you say that it’s all of my children, therefore I answered with no.” (Royce)

“Hey, you worthless father? Acknowledge them...” (Renya)

“Father-sama!?” (Croire)

The words of Renya, who even said them in a low threatening sound, overlap with the scream of Croire who apparently heard about this for the first time.

Was she surprised by the number or was she surprised by His Majesty’s, the Emperor’s manner of putting everything on the table without holding back? Rona slides down from her seat while Shion, who doesn’t understand the elven language, is blinking her eyes in surprise not understanding what has happened.

Only Frau, who is on top of Renya’s knees, still cools cup filled with tea by blowing at it.

“Worthless father is unwarranted. All of them are growing up without any inconveniences within my capabilities.” (Royce)

“Your resourcefulness is wonderful, old man... but, what will you do about the succession of the imperial throne...?” (Renya)

Rona has returned to the seat she slid down from before. *At the time of her sliding down several soldiers in the back of His Majesty, the Emperor, had turned a look at her, you might as well call staring, as her breasts shook and her thighs became exposed to a dangerous degree. The wave of reformists has reached even this far?* Renya asks himself while trembling.

“There’s no need for worry. Since my rule will likely continue for further 300 years, we will somehow deal with it in the meantime.” (Royce)

“Perish, elves...” (Renya)

“Renya-san... I do understand your feelings, but since it’s pretty much my country...” (Croire)

Croire doesn't seem to have recovered from the shock she suffered by hearing the truth for the first time, but even so she somehow squeezes out her voice. Due to pitying her somewhat, Renya decided to avoid pursuing the matter any further.

"So, you are called Renya? I heard that this city received your protection from the attack by the monster army on this occasion. First I ought to give you my thanks. Thanks to you it finished with a great number of my soldiers and people not dying. I shall demonstrate my gratitude like this." (Royce)

Seeing the emperor bowing his head to Renya, a stir occurred amongst the elves.

Meanwhile Renya waves his hand, looking reluctant.

"Please stop. This was something I did following my own intentions." (Renya)

"Try asking what you desire then?" (Royce)

The emperor asked him while raising his head. Renya says in a state of thinking it over while counting with his fingers,

"Umm, that is. A stable supply of soy sauce and miso or some rare food would be nice. The best would be something that is difficult to obtain on the human continent. If Alos has crops, I'd like those too. And metals, I'd like to be able to simply get them if types of precious metals are possible. You have something like that, don't you? Materials that have rare metals or foils attached? That elven unique magic is nice. I'd like to be taught if it's possible to do so. And I'd like to have one house. It's fine if it's small. I don't particularly intend to live in it, but there's nothing better than having plenty of bases. It's not like I won't accept it if you give me territory or such? Since I won't enter nobility, please restrict it to the right to collect taxes. And then~..." (Renya)

"As expected, you are too greedy, I think~..." (Shion)

Shion who received a translation of what Renya is saying by Rona, mutters in astonishment.

"His Majesty, the Emperor, went as far as expressly asking me what I desire. It doesn't cost anyone anything if it's only desires." (Renya)

Naturally Renya doesn't look timid either.

The emperor, who silently listened to Renya's demands, bent himself over the table, placed his elbows down, crossed his fingers and said while firmly staring at Renya.

"This me has the rank of emperor, therefore I can't grant all of your desires at present."
(Royce)

"What a pompous way of talking. It's fine to frankly say that I'm an idiot desiring too much." (Renya)

"No, if you consider the value of all lives of the soldiers and inhabitants in a single city, granting territory feels like going a bit too far, but besides that the rest is fine. Ah, it would be better if you gave up on learning our unique magic. That has the prerequisite of being of the elven race." (Royce)

"Then, except territory, you will give me everything else, you are saying?" (Renya)

No matter how you put it, isn't he far too generous? Renya wonders.

The emperor shook his head to Renya's question.

"I will even bestow territory to you if you accept a single condition that I present. How about it?" (Royce)

While fixedly looking into Renya's eyes, the emperor's mouth showed a crooked grin.

CHAPTER 65

IT SEEMS WE HAVE INCREASED BY ONE PERSON

“Then I don’t want it. All I want are things given without strings attached.” (Renya)

Without even listening to the details of the condition mentioned by the emperor, Renya instantly replied without even showing any interest.

Having been given that answer, the emperor opens his eyes in slight surprise.

“I haven’t talked about my condition yet though?” (Royce)

“It’s fine without you talking about it. No matter what condition it might be, the answer will be no.” (Renya)

Renya clearly brushes off the emperor’s statement.

As if he didn’t want to hear these words of denial, the emperor continued as before.

“If you enter the imperial family by marrying my daughter Croire, is what I intended to say though?” (Royce)

“I refuse. You’re fucking kidding me.” (Renya)

Renya refused without delay, but once he sees Croire’s expression with a glance, there are tears dripping down from her eyes and she is gazing in Renya’s direction.

Why is she crying!? Renya was flustered, but once he tried to ponder about it carefully, he suddenly realized that his answer towards the question whether he wants to marry this girl might also be interpreted as him completely denying this girl’s charm completely depending on how it’s heard. He hurries to follow up in panic.

“I-It’s not particularly like I want to say something like Croire has no charm or that there is no worth in marrying her... since that’s not how it is, don’t cry, Croire. Doesn’t it look like I’m somehow a villain here?” (Renya)

“Even if... you readily gave an answer due to being troubled to some degree... it

somewhat feels like you completely denied me as woman.” (Croire)

Due to Croire saying that while sniffing consecutively, Renya feels strangely guilty *even though I shouldn't have done anything particular bad.*

“I told you, that’s not what I mean. Even without a chest, your points as woman are high, right?” (Renya)

“Delivering the final blow, you are cruel, Renya...” (Croire)

Croire stopped crying more or less, but her expression didn’t clear up.

“If her points as woman are high, may I inquire about the reason for your refusal?” (Royce)

Watching the situation cheerfully, the emperor opens his mouth.

Snorting a little, Renya looked at the emperor’s face again.

“First off, becoming a member of the imperial family or such is impossible, isn’t it? On that occasion, I heard that Croire is currently 70 years old. No matter how long I may live, I won’t get older than 100 years, but even if I have her keep me company until then, the age of 170 years means for an elf that she is still a minor, right?” (Renya)

“Regarding the imperial family, seeing that I’m currently the highest authority it will work out one way or another though? I’m capable of using the power of the state even if there’s someone voicing objections. Besides, setting her mental age aside, her body is that of an adult, therefore her age won’t turn into a problem, I think?” (Royce)

Croire toppled over towards the back together with her chair due to the words of the emperor he stated nonchalantly.

Because her head clashed onto the ground while making quite the loud sound, the soldiers, who were on standby in the back of the emperor, dashed forward to help her up in a hurry.

The discerning eyes of Shion and Rona, who are observing the situation, aimed at the elven emperor reached a profound level of chilliness. Renya gently lowers Frau from his lap on the ground and stands up after drawing back his chair.

“Hey, Croire .” (Renya)

“Ooouuuch... yes?” (Croire)

Having her name abruptly called, Croire replies while standing up and rubbing her head which hit the ground strongly.

While looking at such Croire , Renya hit the katana, which is hoisted at his waist, with a *pon* without changing his expression.

“Do you have the intention to cause a coup d’état or similar?” (Renya)

“... What!?” (Croire)

Croire , who heard a somewhat preposterous and dangerous word, unintentionally returns a question with a question.

The expressions of the soldiers, who tried to help up Croire , froze as one could expect.

“You know, I have a feeling that it would be best to have you sit on the imperial throne after killing His Majesty, the Emperor here.” (Renya)

“Ha ha ha. Just those words deserve to be judged as high treason, but... let’s ignore them since this isn’t an official venue either.” (Royce)

The emperor showed a bright smile, but Shion and Rona didn’t miss him leaking a bit of sweat on his face.

As result of Renya’s attention focussing on the emperor, there wasn’t any effect on Shion and Rona, however it looked like there was a fragment of seriousness mixed into the voice and expression of Renya.

“In that case, I shall change the direction of the talks a bit. Let me give you your reward. I feel regretful that it’s not a territory, but I can’t hand it over to someone who has no peerage, therefore there’s nothing left but for you to give up on that.” (Royce)

“So?” (Renya)

“Moreover won’t you look after my daughter, Croire , as a request from me, the emperor? Of course our side will take care of all the various expenses.” (Royce)

“How is that any different from me taking her as wife?” (Renya)

Renya’s look is as if he is watching something shady, but the emperor doesn’t seem to mind at all.

“I haven’t told you to marry her. Neither am I telling you to not marry her. Though I’d like you to take responsibility if you have an affair with her.” (Royce)

“So?” (Renya)

“It’s fine with you keeping her at your side. How about that if it’s just this much?” (Royce)

Renya ponders about the emperor’s words for a while.

Speaking honestly, it was something he wanted to refuse right away.

However, there are also circumstances that Renya can’t decline upfront.

Going by the expression and atmosphere of the emperor and the flow of the talks, which is indicating that it’s not something Renya himself wishes, one could guess that this emperor is trying to push Croire onto Renya at all costs for some reason.

In other words, he will likely use all usable means, is a feasible prediction.

It’s still fine if it’s at the level of compromising and gentle persuasion, but various troubles will spring up if it turns into him using threats and force.

Even if I’m still fine with that, it will cause huge effects to my surroundings.

The situation won’t change even if we scurry back to the city of Kukrika.

If it’s the emperor of the elves, he can probably use the transfer gate as much as he likes.

If he ends up using the power of his nation on that occasion, you might say that even the Trident Principality will definitely put emphasis on the emperor’s wishes if they weigh the opinions of the emperor and a mere adventurer.

If I consider this, it might be best to say that it’s not an overly excellent plan to freely turn him down here.

“Renya-san, I’m requesting it as well. Please allow me to travel with you.” (Croire)

Seeing Renya staying silent and thinking it over, Croire interjects.

“My base of operations is located in a human city on the human continent. The matter of her accompanying me, is it really fine for me to take Croire along to the human continent?” (Renya)

Renya tried to turn it down wondering whether he can’t turn the talks in a direction where the other side will give up after all, but parent and child readily end up accepting it.

“Even that I don’t mind. You don’t mind either, right, Croire ?” (Royce)

“No, I don’t, father-sama.” (Croire)

While watching Croire who displays a distinct nod, Renya breathes out quietly.

As for Renya, he is somehow able to understand why Croire wants to follow him.

The first reason is doubtlessly because I assisted in the battle against the monsters.

Although Renya didn’t know at what point in time he hit Croire ’s soft spot, he grasps that she likely ended up getting somehow emotionally attached to him during that battle at least.

What Renya didn’t comprehend were the intentions of the emperor.

At the beginning Renya thought that the emperor is maybe trying to tie him to the elven country.

‘For this reason I was probably given an usually unthinkable treatment of obtaining territory, being given patronage by the imperial family and taking Croire as wife.

However, Renya can’t see the idea behind the request of having Croire accompany him after he refused those.

If he wanted to attach a collar to Renya’s neck, Croire would be inadequate.

At least Croire isn’t able to influence the actions of Renya.

All the more once he returns to the human continent.

Living on the human continent should be accompanied by quite a few difficulties for Croire who hasn't lived anywhere but the elven country until now. She will likely lack the free time to do something to Renya.

The emperor himself should understand that too, but based on that Renya can't understand the aim of him wanting her to travel with Renya at all.

There shouldn't be any ulterior motive, but I totally can't see the backside of it.

What are you planning? Renya glares at the face of the emperor, but the emperor in question wards off Renya's stare as something that doesn't concern him at all while not having a single change on his expression.

Renya continued like that for a while, however he slowly opens his mouth after quite a bit of time has passed.

"Since you will be living on the human continent, you will of course learn the common language, right?" (Renya)

Renya, who heard that the elves with their high pride don't use something like the human language, but he tried to broach that topic as last struggle.

He will be able to confidently reject them if the emperor or Croire mention that she won't use such language in this place.

However, Croire immediately answered Renya.

"I will do my best to learn it!" (Croire)

Where did the setting of elves having a high pride come from? Renya is at his with's end in his mind.

Rather, aren't they far more honest than that bunch of human nobles? He assesses.

"... To say nothing of living expenses and such, your side will take care of that, right?" (Renya)

"Of course. I won't act as shamelessly as asking you to provide for the costs while

entrusting my daughter to you. I promise you that everything from, daily necessities to money will be covered by us. However, I'd like you to provide a room for my daughter to live in." (Royce)

Will he decline if there's no room? Renya thought about that for an instant, but stopped that thought right away.

One wouldn't be able to call Croire accompanying me if she took an inn by herself, he judged.

Since it has reached this point, I feel like there won't be any issue whatsoever to accept her living in a place close to me.

"Frau, can you prepare a room?" (Renya)

"There's a place which was originally a child's room ~no. It will be possible if I clear it out ~no." (Frau)

"How about your burden if we increase the load by one more person, Frau?" (Renya)

"No problem ~no. But..." (Frau)

At this point Frau looks fixedly at the eyes of Croire for the first time.

Croire looks back without getting overpowered by that look that's similar to an appraisal.

"I'd like you to abide to what Frau says in the mansion ~no. You have no problem with that, do you?" (Frau)

"I don't mind. Pleased to meet you." (Croire)

Croire bows to Frau.

Seeing that, Frau removes her sight from Croire looking somewhat satisfied and said while returning her attention to the cup with tea in it again,

"Master, Frau has no objection ~no." (Frau)

"I'm against it, Renya." (Rona)

Rona, who up till then devoted herself to translating the elven language for Shion, voiced out her opinion.

“Croire -san is an imperial princess directly descending from His Majesty, the Emperor. If something happened to her, it might create an international issue between the Trident Principality and the Elven nation.” (Rona)

“I see. That worry is justified.” (Royce)

Nodding once towards Rona’s statement, the emperor faces Renya.

“In that case, regarding the safety of my daughter, let’s make it that it’s fine even if you don’t guarantee it. As this is a condition I agreed upon by myself, we will write it down. So, how about it? Of course, as someone who will live right next to her, I’m talking about it from a standpoint of expecting you to be accordingly mindful of that.” (Royce)

“There has to be a limit to lavish hospitality as well. In other words, you are saying if Croire experiences something dangerous, you won’t accuse me of any crimes even if she happens to die due to me not dealing with it?” (Renya)

“As you’ve said. You have no objection to that either, right, Croire ?” (Royce)

“No, father-sama.” (Croire)

“Hey, as somehow just about everything is weird about this, won’t you honestly confess what you are scheming, Your Majesty, Emperor-sama?” (Renya)

Renya asks while glaring at the emperor due to the suggestion of absolutely impossible conditions if once considers it sensibly.

Even if he say that there’s nothing behind it, who will believe that?

“It’s scandalous to frame me of scheming.” (Royce)

Making a sad expression which is expressing that such accusation is really unthinkable, the emperor says,

“If you are telling me that you want to listen to the truth, I will tell you though. There’s not a single thing like schemes or pretence.” (Royce)

“Tell me since I want to hear it?” (Renya)

“If that’s the case, let’s talk honestly.” (Royce)

cough with a single clearing of his throat, the emperor begins to speak with a serious expression.

“Although you might say that Croire is directly descending from me, she likely won’t have any chance to even get anywhere close to the talks about the imperial succession as her position is low since she’s my 35th daughter. In other words, she has no important position and thus her existence won’t be taken into serious consideration.” (Royce)

“... Oy?” (Renya)

“Father-sama...?” (Croire)

Both, Croire and Renya, retort at that, but the emperor continues as if he didn’t hear anything.

“And so, even if she passed away in some situation, the impact will be small.” (Royce)

“” ... ”” (Renya & Croire)

Renya and Croire are speechless.

They are simply staring at the face of the emperor talking fluently with half-opened eyes.

“Moreover, if she is within the country, she will only cause pointless expenses. Concretely, we have to pretty much provide appropriate things for a daughter of the emperor going as far as a housing and everything from food to clothes.” (Royce)

“Pointless... it is, father-sama...?” (Croire)

“Since the official stance is that there’s no reason for her being allowed to have the same level of livelihood over there on the human continent, if she accompanies you, it can be expected to become a large cost reduction.” (Royce)

“Although that’s likely the truth, it’s cruel, oy.” (Renya)

“Moreover, this chain of talks isn’t something ordered by the emperor but something coming from what the person herself wishes for, thus it’s possible for me to put it into effect without any feelings of guilt.” (Royce)

As if saying “how’s that?”, the emperor shows a satisfied smile.

Croire , who had a somewhat blank expression, tells Renya in a mutter while facing him,

“Renya-san... I’m considering whether I should seriously consider a coup d’état, but...” (Croire)

“I see... call me once you put it into practise since I will help you. For the time being, come with us. It has become somewhat pathetic.” (Renya)

“Sorry, Renya-san. Sorry for the troubles.” (Croire)

Did they regard Croire ’s appearance of lowering her head as very pitiable? Rona, who was against it before, held her tongue and Shion stayed silent as she completely missed the timing to cut into the conversation.

Croire ended up being quite downhearted, but the reason for that, the emperor, laughs radiantly.

“The talks seem to have been settled. How splendid, how splendid.” (Royce)

Strangely everyone, who happened to be present in the room except the emperor himself, doubted whether this emperor will really continue to reign for 300 more years.

CHAPTER 66

IT SEEMS THERE'S SOME KIND OF BUSINESS

My skill is terrifying, Renya earnestly thought.

The item Renya made with his hands just moments ago is brightly shining as it reflects the flame of the workshop's hearth.

To begin with, how did I end up creating such thing, I wonder, he ponders.

Once he tries to enable his appraisal skill, he was in the process of forgetting as it had been quite a while since he last used it, a message streamed in at the edge of Renya's field of vision.

<Information: Appraisal Skill – Mithril-made cooking utensil – Rank 6 >

It's a terribly high-priced, amazingly sturdy and yet dreadfully pointless item.

As for its performance, I won't know unless I use it.

Probably the elves really don't believe in their wildest dreams that I will use their treasured metals as material for cooking utensils. There shouldn't be any elf who would do such an eccentric thing either.

Or rather, cooking utensils themselves don't exist in this world in the first place.

The beginning of this event is after Renya and the others returned from the elven country.

After returning to the city, Shion and Rona are often absent due to going out frequently. Croire, who followed them from the elven country, is studying under Frau, who is able to speak in the human common language as well as the elven language. She was frantically trying to learn the common language.

The education of Croire was entrusted to Frau.

Shion isn't able to speak the elven language and Rona didn't want to get involved

overly much with an elf.

As for Renya, he is completely useless in this case.

He is able to write and speak the elven language and the common language at any rate, but the person himself, who is using those, isn't able to comprehend why he is able to use them at all.

Renya himself is convinced that he is using the Japanese language in speech and written word.

It looks like those are changed into the language of this world at the moment he speaks or writes the words, but from Renya's point of view the words he is using and the characters he is writing are all intended to be in Japanese.

Thus he isn't be able to teach her.

Renya wondered whether Croire dislikes being taught by Frau, who is a fairy that hasn't lived for such a long time since being born, as person who is 70 years old herself, but Croire has accepted her role as student very obediently and it has reached the point of her calling Frau teacher (*T/N: sensei*).

Due to her excessively obedient manner, Renya tried to question Rona whether elves are really arrogant and full of pride, but her answer was something terribly vague like "such elves exist as well."

For ten-odd days, Renya had far too much free time.

The debt at the time of buying this house ended up being quickly repaid when Frau's magic gem sales got on track.

The real estate agent, who had resolved himself for the debt repayment to prolong endlessly, had a pleased expression due to the unexpectedly swift repayment.

Moreover, the magic gems, which were distributed while being cautious of not breaking their market price, have been securing an extremely stable funds income as compact items put up for sale in the store space of the mansion.

Once it had become like this, there was no necessity for them to force themselves to turn up at the guild and to finish requests.

Even so, after being told by Rona that their registration will be revoked if they don't show their faces there at all and are judged as people who won't do any work, it became necessary to go there occasionally, but still, the frequency had fallen.

In other words, Renya, who had nothing to do, spent his days by doing requests, which look like they can be finished right away in a close-by location, from the guild by himself or by tending the store, but one day packages from the elven country arrived at Renya's place.

Those, which took several elves for pulling the carts, started with Croire's personal belongings and furniture and went on with the metals promised to Renya by the elven emperor, money, gems, a number of precious metals and moreover a large quantity of miso and soy sauce, a number of vegetables, that can't be found on human markets, and a large amount of rice which was stored in wooden boxes.

While they were at it, they added several book volumes and cards as well as documents guaranteeing Croire's social status on the human continent.

"As for the consumable goods, we will provide resupply as soon as we receive the notice that they ran out, but since there's no way for us to eternally provide those for free, we will soon demand a certain amount of money", the elves left those words and departed.

Deciding to ignore the inevitable situation of it causing quite the uproar in the surroundings due to the visit of a large amount of elves one usually don't encounter on the human continent, Renya, who was the only one having free time, immediately started to check the items in the packages.

As miso and soy sauce are goods that can be preserved for a long time, he tossed them all together into the storehouse.

As for stuff like vegetables, he decided to storage them in the preservation cellar of the kitchen so that those can be eaten after frying or boiling them, but the problem was the rice.

Being called alos, this produce is rice-like no matter how one looks at it.

I will cook and sample it right away, Renya judged but then a problem came up.

There was no cookware for the sake of cooking rice in the kitchen.

When Renya tried to ask Frau, who is in charge of the housework, he was told that something like cooking it until its fluffy isn't done for rice in this world as its popular cooking use is to boil it and then put it together with ingredients and soup into some kinds of thin hot pots, just like paella in his previous world.

Once that came to light, he wondered whether this world's rice is Indian rice and not Japonica rice, but the rice, which was stored in the boxes, can only be regarded as Japonica rice as far as Renya is able to judge it.

There's no other choice but to try eating it then, Renya decided to create cookware.

At first he thought about making an iron pot, however he felt like it was in some ways oversized as cookware for the sake of trying to eat the rice experimentally.

Thus Renya decided to produce a cooking utensil.

In the beginning he planned to use iron as material for the cooking utensil, but Renya, who felt like the smell of iron would permeate the food somehow, considered another material.

He pondered first about using gold so that there would be no smell permeability and that it would be strong against corrosion, but as there's no gold amongst the items he received as reward, he immediately dismissed the idea as melting down money had the stench of a crime.

If it's like this, there is no fitting material.

There's no way for something like aluminium to exist in this world over here, when Renya was thinking stuff like that an ingot of mithril, that was included in the reward, caught his attention.

"It has an attribute of being light, durable and corrosion-resistant", is what Renya heard about the traits of mithril.

Isn't that a metal that can be interpreted as aluminium alloy then? He ended up wondering.

Once he made up his mind, he was quick at getting started.

Putting it into the fire of the workshop's hearth, he melted down the mithril ingot and

what ended up being created in the blink of an eye was the item which emerged at the beginning.

“I feel like Croire will get really angry if she sees this.” (Renya)

It can't be helped that I ended up making it.

Even when he tries to persuade himself like this, Renya can't stop having a cold sweat thinking about the time it gets leaked.

There can already be nothing done except using it only secretly and feigning ignorance by storing it away in my inventory after usage, huh? At the moment Renya began to think that, he feels the presence of a person at the workshop's entrance.

Being far too occupied with the worthlessness of the item he created, Renya was late in noticing that presence.

Once he looked towards the entrance in panic, the entrance door was opened a bit and he saw green eyes peeking inside.

“Croire , huh? Why are you sneaking around for?” (Renya)

“Renya-san, You seemed- busy with- work.” (Croire)

The reply of Croire , who came inside through the open door while looking a bit bashful, is extremely stiff.

The reason why she is talking while thinking and stuttering is because she was told by Renya that she has to use the common language.

Croire desperately studied under Frau, but she is unable to use the common language for anything but barely keeping up a conversation somehow.

If one considered the time when she started learning, you could say that she's learning at an astounding rate though.

“What- are you- making?” (Croire)

“Ah... well. I made a tool to cook the grain I received from the elven country, however...” (Renya)

Judging that it might cause strange suspicions if he tried to hide it, Renya decides to talk about it honestly.

“This is it. It’s a tool to cook the grain called alos or such.” (Renya)

“Renya-san, this is, possibly?” (Croire)

“It’s probably that possibility. I made it out of mithril.” (Renya)

Renya said while feeling scared in his heart what kind of reaction she will return, but Croire’s response was unexpectedly calm.

Picking up the cooking utensil she likely sees for the first time, she examines it all over by looking at it and turning it over.

“Cooking- tool?” (Croire)

“Yes. You wash alos with water in this, put the same amount of water into it, close the lid and finish cooking it over a fire.” (Renya)

“Do- you want- to try- making- it- right away?” (Croire)

“Yes, I want. Unless I don’t try using it for the time being... say, aren’t you angry?” (Renya)

Croire looks far more strangely than the face of Renya who says that while looking strangely.

“Angry- about- what?” (Croire)

“Well, you see, mithril is a treasured, precious metal for elves, isn’t it? Isn’t there originally a proper way to use it for a totally different purpose?” (Renya)

“...” (Croire)

Doesn’t she know whether it’s fine to say something though she wants to or can’t she say it as she is sorting the common language sentences in her head? Croire is fretting.

Renya tried to wait for a while, but there was no indication of her speaking.

“It’s alright to use the elven language.” (Renya)

“Ah, yes. Renya-san, what the heck is the proper way of using mithril?” (Croire)

Being asked in reverse, Renya returns a reply after pondering about it for a bit.

“Well, isn’t it logical to use it as material for armours or weapons as standard after all?” (Renya)

“That’s the reason why elves hid mithril. Well, it’s something we were able to do because the majority of mining spots is located in the elven country.” (Croire)

Croire said while frequently gazing at the cooking utensil made by Renya.

“Certainly, armour, which used mithril as material, boasts a higher performance than armours made with common metals. However, mithril is a light, durable, long-lasting and beautiful metal by nature. I believe it’s incorrect to say that it can’t be used for anything but armours.” (Croire)

Croire continued while returning the cooking utensil she finished examining roughly.

“Isn’t it fine to use it for cookware? If the people of this world favoured the usage of mithril for such purpose, the elves wouldn’t do something like hiding mithril, I believe?” (Croire)

While holding the cooking utensil she returned, Renya nods with a complicated expression.

“Well, I’m able to understand it somehow, but... there’s also the argument that it’s somewhat difficult to make the mithril, I received, into a weapon.” (Renya)

“I don’t think there any necessity for you to hold back, is there? The share, which was given to you, Renya-san, has been handed over to you with the approval of father-sama, who is the elven emperor, to use it as you see fit. It’s also a fact that mithril-made weapons have an excelling performance.” (Croire)

“I see, in that case I can use it without worry, huh?” (Renya)

“Please let me- participate- if you- use it- in your experiments.” (Croire)

Did she finish saying what she wanted to say? Croire apparently returned to using the common language again.

For Renya, who hears the elven language and the common language in the same way, there was not a single advantage to it since it just makes it difficult for him to follow her, but since he told her “Use the human language since you are on the human continent”, there’s no way for him to overturn that at this point in time either.

She will probably be able to handle the common language sooner or later if it’s Croire , thus I will put up with it for a while, Renya decided.

“That’s right. I want to see how things will turn out with my cooking methods.” (Renya)

“Master.” (Frau)

Renya, who said “Let’s go to the kitchen then” to take along Croire , is detained by Frau who stood in the workshop’s entrance before he became aware of it.

“It looks like we have a visitor ~no.” (Frau)

“Who is it?” (Renya)

“I think it’s probably Liaris-sensei ~no.” (Frau)

Searching his memories for a moment as Renya doesn’t know who that is even when he heard the name, he recalled the face of the woman who works together with Az as teacher at the adventurer school after a little while.

Losing in a mock battle with her students, he received a request from Az that he should do something about her class that caused a disruption. It was a story from quite a bit ago, but Renya has no memory of accepting a visit from that Liaris.

He has doubts just what kind of business she has with him, but as he immediately understood that he won’t resolve those doubts unless he listens about it to the person herself, Renya tells Frau,

“Please guide her to the dining hall since we will carry out experiments to cook rice in the kitchen.” (Renya)

“Got it ~no.” (Frau)

Giving a single nod, Frau heads towards the main gate to welcome her.

After seeing her off, Renya headed to the kitchen while taking Croire along.

“Is it- fine- although- there’s a visitor?” (Croire)

“Isn’t it totally fine as it’s a visit without appointment? Since she’s related to my friend, I believe she won’t say anything annoying.” (Renya)

If something happens, I will have Az smooth it over, swallowing those words, Renya passed through the door of the kitchen for the time being.

CHAPTER 67

IT SEEMS TO BE THE COOKING OF RICE

There's a reason why Renya didn't choose the garden as place to test the rice cooker.

This is because Frau usually keeps telling Renya, Shion and the others over and over that there's a total fire ban in the garden.

As for the reason, Frau didn't feel like telling them as it was a secret related to her housework, but since she appealed it quite frantically and very seriously, it was recognised between Renya's party as a rule they should adhere to.

Renya wonders whether there's something explosive buried in a place he doesn't know about, but there's no one except Frau that knows that his prediction isn't necessarily that far off the mark.

Because of that Renya tried to use the kitchen as experiment site, however one can't say that a regular kitchen table fits overly much for using a rice cooker.

However, there was something just fitting installed in the kitchen of Renya's home.

If one takes a look at it, it appears to be a simple stone cylinder.

At first Renya asked "What the heck is this?" and he didn't understand why it was installed in the kitchen, but after examining it in various ways, he understood that it was apparently a tsubokama* called a tandoor* in his previous world. *(T/N: Tsubokama or is an iron jar, tandoor is some kind of stone cylinder where you burn fire inside, kind of like a closed up fire place, google for pictures using the kanji)*

Once he tried to ask Frau, he was told that it was usually used for grilling stuff like meat by hanging it over it.

Won't it cook well once I place a stick above this and hang the rice cooker on it? was what Renya thought.

"Umm..." (Liaris)

First I have to examine the cooked rice before cooking rice.

If I mix small grained rice and broken rice, it will end up causing irregularities in the cooking.

Since it will take far too much time to thoroughly check everything no matter how you look at it, I will cut it short and create a reliable delicacy of the cooked rice's flavour without trying to thoroughly check it beforehand.

“Renya... -san?” (Liaris)

What's very important for the cooking of rice is the quality and quantity of water.

Around 60% to 70% of the cooked rice contains water.

In other words, it's no exaggeration to say that water controls the taste of the cooked rice.

It's wrong to put too much effort into washing the rice.

It will cause cracks to the precious rice.

‘One has to replace the water several times with a feeling of quickly removing the dirt from the surface.

There are certainly arguments questioning whether it's fine to shake it up and down after putting it in the cooker, but Renya didn't fuss over washing the rice with his hands.

After finishing that, it's necessary for the water to be properly absorbed by the rice.

If one cooks it just like that, the core will remain and it won't become delicious after cooking.

“Umm? Renya-san, hey, listen to me?” (Liaris)

“Leave him alone for a while ~no. Probably he is doing something very important right now ~no.” (Frau)

Everything related to water in Renya's home uses water that was made with magic.

The principle was simple for Renya, but this water won't have any impurities due to simply being made with magic.

It could be considered to be close to the item called pure water in my previous world, but one could say this was suitable water to cook rice.

Since it has no flavour and peculiarities, it won't hinder the rice's taste.

Once the work of letting the rice absorb the water is finished, the work will change to putting that rice into the rice cooker.

"I, I came to consult with Renya-san, but..." (Liaris)

"If- you disturb- the current- Renya-san, he- won't be- able to- listen to you, even- if you- talk to- him." (Croire)

"Uwaah!? An elf is talking in the human language!?" (Liaris)

"You should be more surprised about an elf being here before that ~no." (Frau)

"Huh? Ah, now that you mention it... why an elf!? Why's an elf here!?" (Liaris)

Putting the rice, which had completely absorbed the water, into the rice cooker, he fills in water yet again.

Although the commonly proper rate is supposed to be 1 rice to 1,2 water, Renya lowers the amount of water a bit as he's fond of slightly hard rice, if pushed to say.

Once he closed the lid, he ignited the fire.

Since it's originally difficult to remove the soot sticking to the exterior of the rice cooker if it's held directly of the fire, there's the easy measure of coating it thinly with mud or such before igniting the fire, but since even the fire is something induced by magic in Renya's home, there won't be any soot.

That's why he adjusts it while putting it directly over the flame as it is.

"Various things happened ~no. Here, some tea ~nano." (Frau)



“Ah, thanks. ... Black tea, is it? You are using a good one.” (Liaris)

“Later I will bring green tea. Master told me that green tea is absolutely necessary when eating cooked rice ~no.” (Frau)

“Eh? Before I realized I became a food sampler...?” (Liaris)

“You- should- go with- the flow. You might- give- Renya- -san a bad- mood- if you- refuse- untactfully. Ah- I’m- called- Croire. Please- treat me- well.” (Croire)

“How very courteous. I’m called Liaris. I’m working as teacher at the adventurer school of Kukrika.” (Liaris)

There was even a song about the condition of the fire going something like “The fire begins to burn weakly while going poof poof” in my previous world, but if you change it into numbers, it’s 5 minutes on low fire, 5 minutes on a medium flame, 5 minutes on a strong flame, 10 minutes with a low flame and lastly steaming it for 10 minutes. The total cooking takes 35 minutes. (T/N: “The fire burns weakly while going poof poof, don’t remove the lid even if a baby cries” is a phrase used to put the fire’s condition in order while cooking rice in a hearth. It was an oral tradition handed down during the time when rice cookers hadn’t spread yet. There are various versions of it too.)*

If there are people saying one should measure it precisely there’s also people who go with observation while watching the rice’s state, but if pushed to say, Renya’s view inclined to the latter.

People, who said that, are those who change the requirements largely depending on things like the circumstances in the surroundings.

Renya concludes that he should adjust it ad hoc while watching the situation after referencing to the numbers.

“Liaris. What’s your business with master today ~nano?” (Frau)

“Just a bit... I want to consult about Az-kun.” (Liaris)

“Az- -san?” (Croire)

“He is master’s friend, a school teacher and Liaris’ lover ~nano.” (Frau)

“Eh!? No, well, that is... that’s right though.” (Liaris)

“Love- consultation- with Renya- -san? You can’t- say- he is- suitable for- that- though, I think?” (Croire)

“She plainly said something cruel, but Frau agrees with her opinion ~nano.” (Frau)

Once taken off the fire, the steaming work starts.

There are people who teach that one should cook the rice with steam by turning the rice cooker upside down, but since the water vapour won’t have any path to escape if you actually turn it upside down, it’s not recommended to turn it over as the rice will become soggy.

The correct way of steaming is to place it besides the fire while leaving it as is.

The operation of turning over the rice cooker is originally for the sake of removing the stuck soot with leaves and grass at the bottom while the inside of the rice cooker is still hot. Before realizing that became associated with the steaming. That’s the knowledge residing in Renya’s head.

In other words, it’s an unnecessary task for Renya who uses magic fire that leaves no soot. One might even say that it’s a pointless action that will only lower the taste of the cooked rice.

“Although it’s just by the way, but fellows, who are scared of failing, cook it boldly with a strong flame from the beginning. It will be cooked with an average quality if one waits for around 15 minutes with it cooking on a low flame once it whistles and spills over.” (Renya)

“To whom are you explaining ~no, master?” (Frau)

“Well, I wonder who?” (Renya)

Opening the lid once the steaming finished will combine the water vapour with the rice to make the rice fluffy.

It’s a measure to cook delicious rice as the extra moisture will escape with this.

“Since it’s an experiment this time, let’s try eating it as is for the time being, shall we?”

(Renya)

The cooked rice is served into the four small bowls prepared by Frau.

After telling them to eat it with a spoon as there are no chopsticks, Renya tries a mouthful himself.

His impression after having tried it is: *the taste is passable, the sweetness is weak and the aroma is light.*

Even so, Renya's mouth slackens unintentionally as the result has a proper quality to be allowed to be called a rice meal.

"It's nice and warm ~nano." (Frau)

"It's a cooking method I haven't seen yet, but it's delicious, this." (Liaris)

"It's- great- as it has- no core- and is- soft. Renya-san- you are- quite- skilled." (Croire)

While listening to the individual impressions of all three, he once again scoops up the remaining rice after wetting his hand with water once and slowly grasps the hot rice while enduring.

Originally it's correct to grasp the onigiri gently as it contains air, but Renya moulded the onigiri while putting strength into it, though only a bit.

Spreading out a wire mesh net on top of the tandoor at this point, he places the onigiri, he just held, on it and carefully grills it while coating it with the soy sauce, he received from the elves, with a brush.

The aromatic smell of burning soy sauce begins to spread in the kitchen and, just as expected, the looks of the three gather on Renya's hands.

"Renya-san, it's a very shameless talk for a food sampler, but is there a share for the amount of people of that?" (Liaris)

"Don't worry as I will of course shape four of those. This time it's a prototype, but I will make many of those next time, if they are popular. Although I say that, since there's a limit of cooking with the rice cooker, it might be necessary to prepare a suitable iron pot. As I will contact you at the time I make them, come together with Az to eat with

us.” (Renya)

“Eh, ah... yes.” (Liaris)

It was just a bit, but a shadow fell on Liaris’s face.

Coating the onigiri with soy sauce while flipping it over so as to not burn it too much, Renya asks,

“Did you tell me what you wanted from me? I heard it’s about Az, but what exactly?” (Renya)

“Yes. ... I considered bringing up such talk as rude, but...” (Liaris)

Liaris looked like it was hard to talk about it, however Renya waved his hand in a manner of opening it with a flapping.

“Don’t mind it. Even if it’s a story completely not worth considering, I will first listen to it.” (Renya)

Just like Az wants to have a favourable relationship with Renya, Renya himself thought that he wants to keep a good relation with Az as well.

That Az’s lover came visiting as she has something to talk about.

I wonder what kind of silly story it is, Renya believes that it won’t do if he doesn’t listen to it at least.

“Renya-san, do you know of Az-kun’s full name?” (Liaris)

What was it? He wavers for an instant.

Renya recalled having heard it quite some time ago, but he can’t remember it right away.

Renya, who pondered about it while listening to the sound of grilling the rice and soy sauce for a while, voices out a name, he had dragged out from the depths of his memories somehow.

“Az Hound, wasn’t it? That was his family name, wasn’t it?” (Renya)

“Yes. His family name is that Hound, but this is the family name of an Earl household in Trident Principality.” (Liaris)

The Trident Principality is a duchy and thus there’s no king.

Instead the duchy is governed by being called Archduke. The noble ranks below that are Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron and, continuing with the lower nobles, Knight and Lesser Knight. *(T/N: The last rank would be either Semi-Knight or Associate Knight, but both sound kind of weird, so I will go with Lesser Knight)*

In other words, there’s an Earl household called Hound in the Trident Principality and Az originates from there.

Since it’s a high rank if you count from the top, one might say it’s a pedigree of a high social status.

“That guy was the young master of a fine family.” (Renya)

“He seems to be pretty much the second son. It looks like it’s unnecessary for him to succeed the title though.” (Liaris)

It’s a delicate situation, Renya judges.

It looks there’s the duty for the eldest son to succeed the house as legitimate child, but the second son will be required to marry a daughter of another household to deepen the ties or to go around helping the eldest son.

Considering the situation, it should be a rare case for someone to lead a wilful life as adventurer like Az.

“It looks like half of it is him running away from home.” (Liaris)

What did she read from Renya’s expression? Liaris gives an additional explanation.

“Did it appear on my face? So, how’s that related to our talk?” (Renya)

“Actually, most recently, I was officially proposed to by Az-kun, but...” (Liaris)

What kind of face did he make when he confessed? If the person himself heard that it must have been quite the sight, he would become bright red from anger, Renya thinks.

If I perceived it beforehand, I would have gone to take a peek at all costs, he head a slightly frustrated feeling.

“That is, congratulations. Isn’t that a great story?” (Renya)

Liaris’ expression doesn’t clear up with Renya’s words of blessing.

“Thanks... however, I have no family name. I’m simply Liaris... my family is of commoner birth.” (Liaris)

“Hmm?” (Renya)

“Az-kun told me that he doesn’t mind. As he left his home similar to running away, he won’t care about whatever they might say this late in the game. But, concerning the commoner me associating with Az-kun... it looks like there will be various interfering from Az-kun’s family’s side.” (Liaris)

“In other words, it’s that? You will be secretly removed by Az’s home as hindrance due to Az and you going out? It’s not a difficult situation, but it looks like the settlement will be quite difficult. Pretending it to be some kind of accident, we will simply do them in with a bang after gathering them in one place...?” (Renya)

“Eh? Why are you progressing in the direction of crushing the Earl household, Renya-san...?” (Liaris)

“Is it something else?” Once Renya tilted his head to the side, the flustered Liaris shook her head left and right with a force as if her head will be torn off and fly away.

“Then, what kind of talk do you want to have with me? I don’t want to boast but except the use of force I’m really not that reliable.” (Renya)

Turning over the onigiri, he once again applies soy sauce on it.

If he applies too much of it, the taste of the soy sauce will become too strong, but Renya liked the state of it being coated fairly well.

If the affinity with soy sauce is good, I have to challenge an onigiri grilled with miso next, he considers.

“No matter what I say to Az-kun’s esteemed family, they will ask for a certain level of

achievements.” (Liaris)

“That’s impossible if you continues as school teacher, is what you mean?” (Renya)

“How many years would it take...? During that time I will always feel bad for continuing to put my answer to Az-kun on hold.” (Liaris)

Ah, she hasn’t answered him yet, Renya considers he consideration of Az’ feelings just a bit pitiable.

Az will likely feel more dead than alive until he receives a proper reply since the reply was delayed just when he gathered quite the courage to actually confess.

Not receiving a proper reply of yes or no is a situation that will cause problems to pop up that will become a hindrance to his daily life.

It was easy to expect a positive reply as long as there’s no interruption by his family going by the flow of the talks and the mood.

“Therefore I came to consult with you, Renya-san.” (Liaris)

I see, certainly it was a story that I usually would likely refuse right away if it was a story unrelated to me.

However, the other party is Az and his lover.

In short, if we provide fame and achievements to Liaris by finishing some large request of the guild, it will likely become possible to ignore Az’ home even if they come butting in, that’s the story.

“Liaris, is your adventurer registration still valid?” (Renya)

“Yes, even if one becomes a school teacher, the registration itself will remain valid.” (Liaris)

While pondering *well then, what shall we do*, Renya picks up the grilled soy sauce onigiri from the net and tosses it to Liaris.

Liaris catches it directly with a feeling of it being reflexive.

“Ah... eh, it’s hot!? Hot~~~!? It’s hot, Renya-san!?” (Liaris)

“Eat it after it cooled down on a plate.” (Renya)

“Renya- -san. It’s- a nice- scent. Please- give me- one- too.” (Croire)

“Master, Frau as well!” (Frau)

Croire and Frau push out their plates with a force that one might ask whether they are schoolchildren without lunches.

Let’s try discuss matters once Shion and Rona return while placing the grilled onigiri on their plates, huh? Renya decided.

CHAPTER 68

IT SEEMS TO BE THE CHOICE OF A SUBJUGATION TARGET

There's always notices with requests posted on the guild's message board to an extent that one might be baffled by their amount.

However, the requests posted there are either awfully easy or those where failure doesn't matter. There are few people who know that there are suitable substitutes.

If really important requests and difficult requests were to be exposed in an unspecified large number to the eyes of all adventurers, that wouldn't be a good thing either.

Requests of that type are secretly passed over to adventurers who have the appropriate skills and whom the guild deems suitable.

Naturally if they accomplish such requests, the fame and reward, they can earn with that, cannot be compared to requests like the ones written on the guild's message board.

Having said that, it's not like such requests exist all the time.

In the end Renya decided to accept a request from Liaris.

He tried to consult with Shion and Rona, too, but their answer was that they wouldn't be able to accompany him as they were busy with various other issues though they couldn't talk about the details.

Because of the information brought from the elven country the other day, continuous monitoring has been set up at the entrance to the Forest Labyrinth which is located in the forest that had been mostly destroyed by Renya and the construction of a fortress with a reasonable scale nearby has started with a quick pace.

There's a rumour that they are hurrying the formation of the garrison after having decided a permanent stationing of soldiers.

As expected, it's not like they can station a garrison there that will be able to repulse a group of monsters at the scale as the one which attacked the elven country. The fort puts emphasis on defence strength. Apparently there have been installed several escape doors so that the soldiers can escape swiftly in an emergency.

Renya is somehow able to understand that Rona is busy related to that.

Rona is calling herself a priestess for the time being, but in reality she's a Knight.

You can pretty much call her an expert of military affairs in Kukrika which is close to the front lines.

Even if she has been invited by that side, it's nothing particularly weird.

In contrast, what was odd was Shion being busy.

I don't have the slightest idea about the reason for her being busy.

Even if one considers her as combat potential, she is just a mere sword-woman and if compared with Renya, she doesn't possess anything but skills that fall far behind him.

It's difficult to imagine for her to be summoned to get involved with the garrison.

Although it's very doubtful, there's no method to check whether she has been asked either.

It's also possible for her to come for a talk sooner or later, if there's some problem.
Around this point Renya stops thinking about this matter.

"There are- no- good- requests- here-, you know-?" (Croire)

Croire, who gazed at the message board, says.

Renya made sure to have Croire accompany him as much as possible when he went out.

Realising from the reaction of Liaris at the time she saw Croire, humans are generally surprised by seeing an elf.

This was a reaction caused by their curiosity, but if that's the case, they will likely stop

being surprised each and every time once they are able to see an elf at a rate that doesn't make it unusual, is Renya's idea.

However, that's also no reason for having Croire wandering aimlessly by herself all over.

Saying she's unusual can also be paraphrased into her having rare value.

Renya doesn't know whether the situation of the public order in the city of Kukrika is satisfactory, but he can't definitely state that there's no kidnapping.

And, in case such criminals became conscious of Croire's existence, it might be possible for Croire, who would let them strike it rich, to experience a dangerous situation.

Since that's the case, there's nothing left but for Renya himself to act as Croire's guard and stay together with her.

"Well it's not like we can idle around with a suitably moderate request either." (Renya)

There's a single reason why Renya decided to accept Liaris' request.

That's because of the reward presented to Renya by Liaris.

Liaris, who carried out requests as regular adventurer before she became a school teacher, offered Renya to hand over everything as long as it's money she possesses herself and items she gathered in her adventuring days.

As for the items she collected, Liaris, who apparently got a methodical character, wrote all of them on a list.

"There's such stuff", Liaris gave that list, she brought along when she visited, to Renya. Seeing that list, Renya discovered an item that caught his eyes.

The entry for that was written like this:

<A small metal box, colour is black, its shape is oval and strange ornaments have been installed on it. Inside there are many polyhedrons, which look globe-shaped, with uneven sizes of their surfaces. Their colours are jet black with red lines here and there. The polyhedrons are suspended in there by seven fulcrums

and a belt that seems to be made out of metal. Their purpose is unknown.>

No way, was Renya's frank impression.

There was for some unknown reason only one item, which applies to this description, within Renya's knowledge.

By staring at them, the scenery of the underworld emerges in one's mind and they will end up summoning what shouldn't be called. It's that.

However, this is knowledge from my previous world, it's quite unlikely for the same thing to exist in a different world.

Even so, the resemblance is too much.

For argument's sake, if it's something else, there won't be any problem.

However, if it was the same item as the one to be found in Renya's knowledge, it's a far too dangerous item to be in the hands of a mere adventurer.

While that may be true, I can't say it will be safe in my hands either, but as I understand at least what it is, it should be difficult for me to make mistakes in its treatment.

In order to not appear overly unnatural, Renya told Liaris that he would accept the request on the condition of being given some money and goods, several items, that appear to be magic handicraft, and that small metal box as reward.

Of course, in case he obtained the small box successfully, he intends to consult with Frau and to seal it away so that it won't ever be touched by people.

"At any rate, I don't quite understand what kind of job meets Liaris' expectations."
(Renya)

"A job- where you- can say- she- succeeded as- adventurer?" (Croire)

"Certainly it's very unlikely for it to become some crazy story where she's tossed into the vicinity of an orc nest and told to kill 100 orcs by herself, right...?" (Renya)

Once you assess the phrase of killing 100 orcs, it might be taken in a different meaning, Renya thinks.

In that case it would turn into the previous talk about fame or achievements and so on.

“Basically- it has to- be doable- by Liaris-san?” (Croire)

“No, that’s likely unreasonable, but you can’t definitely call it her achievement if she doesn’t fight herself to some extent, right?” (Renya)

Even if it was a talk about Renya searching as well as killing it and letting the credit go to Liaris, Renya himself doesn’t mind at all, but it might get easily revealed if the person herself doesn’t do anything.

In that case, if she fought a bit, even if I’m responsible for the greater parts, it will probably be easier for her to say that it’s her achievement, Renya assessed.

“It will be fine even if she just stabs the target, that’s half dead from my attacks, to finish it off, but... I wonder just what kind of monster is convenient for that?” (Renya)

“If it was- about an- elf-, I- could tell-, but... if it’s- about a- human, I don’t- know.” (Croire)

“If it’s an elf, what’s required for them to defeat to be regarded as remarkable?” (Renya)

“That will- be a- manticore.” (Croire)

The monster called manticore is a monster living in forests and a being that has a strong appetite.

It has wings similar to the membrane of bats and a tail with with a scorpion stinger attached.

It is said that it possesses the body of a lion with a human face. It even has the nuisance of using magic even though only lower grade one.

At any rate, it is a monster that eats well. If it’s elves or beasts, as long as it’s something that can enter its mouth, it will eat endlessly. Among the elves it was decided to exterminate it as soon as it was discovered while treating it as harmful monster.

“Since it has a brutal and uncontrollable nature, the act of crushing this manticore

alone will warrant high praises for such an extremely honourable deed among the elves”, Croire explained.

In elven language.

As it was impossible to explain it in common language, Croire gave up quickly, but she became teary-eyed from receiving Renya’s iron claw, albeit a weak one, once she finished her explanation.

“Don’t start rattling on and on in the elvish language all of a sudden, you idiot.” (Renya)

“You are- cruel, Renya-san. I’m seeing- stars- in front of- my eyes.” (Croire)

“Don’t worry as it will go away sooner or later. ... However, I wonder whether Liaris defeating a mantichore will be a cause for her to be regarded as remarkable...?” (Renya)

Moreover, will we be able to find it?, there’s such a worry as well.

As there are many large forests in the elven country, it looks like manticores themselves are monsters that appear fairly frequently, but one can’t say that it’s the same on the human continent.

There’s far less forests compared to the elven country. Since it’s normal for adventurers or a subjugation unit from the country to be dispatched as soon as such dangerous monsters are found, it’s difficult to find them as they lurk deep in the forests.

“Oh, ni-chan, it’s been a while. What did you do to have caught such extreme beauty?”

Coming to his senses from his thoughts due to the sudden voice directed at him, Renya turns his look in the direction of the voice’s owner.

The one who was there was not only a middle-aged man but also an adventurer who had an appearance and equipment that made it really clear that he worked his way up.

Renya, who remembered *it’s a face I’ve seen somewhere*, lightly greets him after recalling that it’s the adventurer who previously gave him information about the forest octopuses.

Earlier than Renya's greeting, Croire bowed while smiling cheerfully.

It looks like she apparently reacted to the word "beauty."

"It's been a while. Didn't you participate in the forest subjugation request, ossan*?"
(Renya) (*T/N: means middle-aged man in a slight derogative way, but kind of hard to put it in a proper English word*)

"I intended to do so. But since my buddy told me that he received work in another matter and that I should go there, I wasn't able to participate. Well, if I think about it now, it was quite fortunate. I've heard that almost all of those, who joined in on that request, were killed."

"I see. Which reminds me, the information from the other day saved me quite a bit of trouble. Those forest octopuses were certainly delicious." (Renya)

The middle-aged adventurer makes a slightly surprised expression due to Renya's words.

"You managed to survive, didn't you? That's amazing."

"It was probably good luck." (Renya)

"You are absolutely right. It is said that the forest was destroyed almost completely. Moreover that it was the deed of demons. It looks like there's currently an uproar about them building a fortress with a garrison in that neighbourhood."

It has been turned into a deed by demons? Renya is slightly surprised about the information he heard for the first time.

Certainly, calling it a natural disaster lacks persuasive power. Even if Renya decided to claim it, no one would probably believe him.

Since that the case, the way of accusing the demons of being at fault for everything is easy. It seems to be something that is easily believable.

"So, ni-chan, why the heck are you pulling such difficult face in front of the message board... eh, the beauty next to you is an elf!?"

Finally having noticed Croire's ears, the adventurer raised a loud voice in surprise.

Croire's smile changes into something similar to being slightly troubled. Renya tells the adventurer while sighing once,

"Please don't raise your voice too much. It would be pitiful, if she became frightened."
(Renya)

"Ah, yea, sorry. I have been doing this business for a long time, but leave alone counting elves on a hand, I haven't seen them at all. I wronged you, too, ojou-chan."

"No, no need- to do- that." (Croire)

"Oy, ni-chan. The elf talked in the common language..."

"At the moment she is studying. Don't worry, the difficulties will vanish before long, too." (Renya)

"How unbelievable... won't the higher ups of the city indulge in a bloodshed tomorrow...?"

Due to the adventurer declaring that somewhat dumbfoundedly, Renya decided to try asking as he had nothing to lose anyway.

"There are a bit of special circumstances and it's only for short term, however there's a fellow who wants to raise achievements in order to obtain agreement from quite a noble." (Renya)

"A noble, eh? Ain't it difficult to just get their agreement as those fellows always find a way to find fault one way or the other?"

"That's true. We have taken that matter repeatedly into account. Don't you happen to know about a monster where even a noble likely won't be able to complain if it's subjugated?" (Renya)

"Well, I don't know..."

The adventurer placed his hand on his chin and thought for a while and finally opened his mouth after he put his thoughts in order,

"If you want to obtain such an achievement, there's no point in talking about small fry. There ain't no doubt that if you finish off one demon, there won't be anything beyond

that necessary, but no matter how many lives you've got, it won't be enough if you fought against such a thing."

"Hmm." (Renya)

"Otherwise, isn't at least something like a dragon living inside the group of rocky mountains where the <Tomb of the Recluse> is located at, I wonder?"

"Eh? The Tomb of the Recluse is close-by. A dragon is dwelling this close to the city?" (Renya)

The gathering of rocky mountains, where the Tomb of the Recluse can be found, is a place where Renya went once.

It's a place that is just roughly 20 km away from the city.

Renya pondered about the question whether it is a good thing for a dragon to dwell this close, but the adventurer denied Renya's words by shaking his head left and right.

"Ni-chan, do you remember at least the geography of the surroundings of the city, you are in? I told you that the dragon's dwelling is deep inside the group of rocky mountains, right? It takes a few hours to walk to the gathering of rocky mountains, but you won't arrive there unless you advance north for another full day between the rocky mountains from thereon. Furthermore, you won't get there if you go at it half-heartedly since monsters appear on the way. Sub-dragons appear in that area, too."

"Sub-dragons?" (Renya)

"It's wyvrens or rock dragons. They are weaker than a dragon, but that doesn't change the fact that they are formidable enemies."

"Will those guys turn into reasonable achievements?" (Renya)

"That is, it will be no good if it's only one or two, but... if you defeat a number of them, it will likely result in quite an achievement."

"Is that so? If we go, we will generally run into a dragon?" (Renya)

"Well, that's mostly certain, but... ni-chan, do you seriously intend to go?"

Renya answered the adventurer donning a shocked expression with a smile.

“It looks like an opponent that lives in a place where I don’t have to search overly much. If it’s impossible to subjugate them, it looks like I will be able to use the move of making do with defeating a number of those sub-dragons in the vicinity.” (Renya)

“It’s- unlikely for- there to be- a subjugation- request, but- it appears that- you can- make money- from- the raw materials.” (Croire)

The elf’s look isn’t overly surprised due to Renya talking about it thoughtlessly.

Usually, if you were to talk about dragons, they are monsters above A-rank which can be defeated one way or another by adventurers joining together into a bigger party, but do these guys really know about that, I wonder, the middle-aged adventurer became worried.

CHAPTER 69

IT SEEMS TO BE THE BEGINNING OF THE SUBJUGATION

Renya harbours the impression *I wonder if it went slightly amiss?* due to the attire of Croire who is walking next to him.

They are in the middle of a road that can't be even called a road as it's trying to weave it's way through the mountain scenery which could be simply called a field of rocks. They had to push through until quite deep into the group of rocky mountains where the Tomb of the Recluse supposedly lies and which is the location they are aiming for.

Originally things started after questioning what will happen if you can make a mithril ingot as thin and wide-spread as possible by simply striking it. Renya noticed that mithril keeps a moderate durability once it becomes completely spread-out and thin like a gold leaf when he tried to hit it thoroughly.

If it's like this, isn't it possible to create something resembling what is called a gold threat in my previous world? and handed it over to Frau *as I probably should request an expert related to fibres to handle it.*

Frau, who received a rustling mithril foil that's thinner than paper from Renya, returned to Renya's location making a troubled expression after having asked something from Shion, Rona and Croire.

"What happened?" (Renya)

"Shion-ane-sama has said that something like mithril equipment is unusable and wasteful ~no. For Rona-ane-sama it looks like white is no good because she has decided on black for her priestess' garb ~no. Only Croire-chan is okay with anything as long as she can wear it." (Frau)

"I don't understand why I'm expected to make clothes for the female camp, but... since it has become like this, isn't it fine for you to create a complete set for Croire for the time being?" (Renya)

“That’s what I shall do ~no. Is it fine for Frau to make her own share as well?” (Frau)

“I don’t mind, but... I intend to pass you what I’d like you to create as prototype, you know.” (Renya)

It seems that the talk has suddenly turned into officially creating equipment, but once he sees Frau being full of spirit to give it a go, Renya decided to leave it alone not caring what she has to do or wants to do without any intention to meddle any further.

There was something Renya had to do.

Without informing Liaris of the destination, he simply told her to make sure being able to take days off from school at any time as they would proceed with a meeting once they were able to finish the common preparations.

Once they gathered and bought the necessary materials in the city, Renya began to create a certain something after secluding himself in the workshop.

It’s an indispensable equipment for Liaris to be allowed to accompany them on something like a dragon subjugation as it’s a task not accomplish-able for a normal low-ranking adventurer.

What he created after taking a full day is an extremely boorish complete set of a full body armour.

All of it is covered in bulky steel armour. It’s an item where one will immediately know that it’s likely not supposed to be worn by a human if one considers its weight.

Renya affixed one layer of the same mithril foil, he had given to Frau, all around the armour, regardless of back or front side.

Renya realized it while working with it, but the metal called mithril had a level of strength that could be called somewhat more durable than iron as raw material.

Even while processing it, he was able to treat it very normally just like the usual equipment.

Although it wasn’t completely the same, Renya couldn’t consider it a raw material that has overly much meaning except its rarity.

It was at the time he stabbed it with a small iron knife, he created as trial, that he noticed his perception of mithril being mistaken.

Of course, Renya tried to stab iron with a mithril knife as well, but far from stabbing the iron, it just caused a high-pitched clanking sound. Being disappointed by the mithril being useless, he tried to seriously slash the iron with the mithril knife after he decided to melt it down.

As result, the mithril blade split the lump of iron, he cut at, into two from the place where the blade bit into the iron without it breaking either.

Renya, who was surprised by the overly lacking resistance, guessed *doesn't it seem like the metal called mithril is a metal that changes its property responding to the user's intention?*

This was later on supported by the explanation from Croire.

Apparently mithril is a telepathic material which understands its user's intention, absorbs their mana and changes its property by consuming that mana.

In other words, at the time of processing it, it would react to the intention of wanting to process it and thus it would accordingly become easier to process it. It was something said to become strong against fire and cold and turn solid after reacting to the will of protection once it was made into shields or armour.

The rice cooker, which was created by Renya, has a property of being usable as regular rice cooker because no one's hand touched it while it was held into the fire. In case it was an utensil that will be touched by simple contemporaries like a fry pan, it will be reduced to a defective tool that won't let any heat through as long as some of the people using it silently pray for it to not be hot.

What Renya created after he understood that is a full-body armour with a mithril coating which is definitely far too heavy to walk and wear with the power of a human.

"It's an- armour-?" (Croire)

"Yea, well... you might be reluctant about it, Croire, but it's something necessary."
(Renya)

If I normally take along Liaris on a dragon subjugation, she will definitely die.

Even if she just received the after-effects of something like proper breath attack, there was no doubt that she would likely be on the verge of death.

Therefore, what Renya created is that armour which is one-sidedly devoted to defence power.

Because he was worried about its defensive strength with just Liaris' mana, he installed plenty of magic gems he had received from Frau, but as result Renya couldn't see it as anything but a gorgeous coffin from his point of view.

At any rate, it's an item where she won't be able to take one step while wearing it.

It's fine to say that it has no practical use.

Even Croire, who didn't think overly well of Renya using the mithril for an armour at first, shows an expression filled with curiosity wondering "just how the heck will she use that with its current lack of practical use?"

As it looks that it will become troublesome in various ways if I explain it, Renya stored it away just like that in his inventory.

"It's-fine-. Apart from- that, what do- you think, about- this attire?" (Croire)

While saying this, what Croire showed was the attire she is currently wearing while walking next to Renya.

From the top, a snow white long-sleeved shirt, a likewise snow white gown, a similarly snow white flare skirt and below that, knee-high jet-black socks.

Her hands have black gloves where the fingers are not covered and her feet are outfitted with high laced boots that reach up to below her knees.

The shirt and skirt have been made using something as luxurious as mithril foil that was stitched in with silver threads. Dazzlingly shining when basked by the daylight, she turned into a fairytale-like beauty coupled with the beauty of elves, but one might also say that she stands out too much in a certain meaning.

At least, along the path through the dreary rocky mountains she was extremely like a sore thumb with her conspicuousness.

The one one following while out of breath from behind them is Liaris.

Even though she came here for a subjugation, she wears her usual city attire without even having a sword or any armour.

Going by her own judgement, she cannot help but calling it madness, but those are Renya's instructions.

"It suits you. It's very cute. But... isn't that an attire that is a bit unfitting for a mountain hike?" (Renya)

"That's- also true-. But-, as those- socks- and such- are very durable- Frau-san- made them- so my feet- won't be- injured." (Croire)

"Re-Renya-san? Just how far do we have to walk... have you said? In such dress I..." (Liaris)

"Mmh?" (Renya)

"Ah, no, it's not like I want to complain or anything like that though." (Liaris)

Did she think Renya would take offence? Liaris waved her hand and head in panic, but Renya raised his voice in reaction to something totally different.

"Croire, does it look like something is flying up in the sky ahead?" (Renya)

"Renya-san-, your eyes- are good. I think- that's a- wyvren. The distance- is around- 600m." (Croire)

"I see. Just the right target for some testing before the real deal. Liaris, this way." (Renya)

"Ye-Yes?" (Liaris)

Liaris, who doesn't understand at all what will happen after this, approaches Renya while being beckoned by him.

In front of her eyes Renya took out the mithril-coated full body armour from his inventory.

Once he lays it down on the ground so that it faces up and quickly unfastens its clasps, the whole armour opens into two parts. Renya instructs Liaris to lie down into the part of the armour that is lying on the ground.

“Umm, what the heck...?” (Liaris)

“There’s no time. Listen, lie down quickly.” (Renya)

“Renya-san-, that side- seems to- have noticed- us. (Croire)

Once he directed his sight ahead of the path upon Croire’s warning, he saw the wyvren flying this way slowly.

The wyvren is a sub-dragon which is a large fore-footed lizard that has wings made out of bat-like membranes.

It’s overall length is around 3 m. Although it doesn’t use any kind of breath, it has a stinger at the tip of its tail that possesses a powerful paralysing poison, is the information Renya heard at the guild.

As for its strength; it’s not hopelessly powerful, but as it’s definitely classified as strong monster, it views adventurers, who aren’t used to attacks from the sky, as easy prey.

“It’s coming this way. Look! Get inside fast!” (Renya)

“U-Understood.” (Liaris)

Liaris lies down in the armour in a hurry.

Confirming that, Renya shuts the lid right away and fastens the clasps.

“Renya-san-, it’s here!” (Croire)

“Please defend against the first attack!” (Renya)

“You are saying something splendidly unreasonable, aren’t you?” (Croire)

Croire, who confronted the wyvren that tries to hit her with its hind-legs as it nose-dives from the sky, cried loudly while cursing at Renya in the elven language.

"<Wind Wall>!" (Croire)

The flight of the wyvren, that was going to attack, is disturbed by the rolled up wind.

Did it think it might crash to the ground if it started a forced attack? The wyvren temporarily abandons its attack and takes a distance by circling.

Its jaw, that had jagged fangs lined up, raised a terribly grating roar.

"Renya-san! That guys is calling its friends!" (Croire)

"... Hey, Croire." (Renya)

"What is it!? The second time will be quite close, I'm sure!" (Croire)

"That skirt... it's an impregnable wall, isn't it*..." (Renya)

Due to Renya saying that calmly, Croire's cheek became slightly red while she's holding down her skirt's hem.

"If you want to see, I will roll it up for you as much as you like! Bah, what am I saying!?" (Croire)

"That will get you fired up once more, won't it?" (Renya)

While laughing frivolously, Renya, who fixed the last fastener, calls out to Liaris who's inside the armour.

"Listen up, Liaris. If you don't want to die, desperately pray to become tough. Got it? It's also fine to think about you hating pain or you not wanting to die. At any rate, be proactive about it, understood?" (Renya)

"Y-Yes!" (Liaris)

"Alright, get ready in various ways." (Renya)

"Eh!?" (Liaris)

Liaris was flooded with scruples due to Renya's remark, but she was already in a situation where escape by her own power was impossible.

It's an armour where the person inside can't remove the armour with their own hands if they are even unable to get up thanks to its weight.

Once he took his eyes off Liaris and looked up to the sky, the number of wyvrens, who were observing the situation over here while circling, had increased to four.

"They are increasing! They have increased, Renya-san!" (Croire)

Since the shouting Croire started to talk fluently she has likely been continuously using the elven language.

"Alright, let's go, Liaris. It's okay, I have experimented with it myself more or less!" (Renya)

"O-Okay?" (Liaris)

"Non-attribute, enhanced activation, <Manipulation>." (Renya)

"Hyaa" (Liaris)

The armour, which was stretched out on the ground, jumped up to the sky with a terrific force while leaving a short scream behind.

Likely the scream itself was something long-lasting, but it probably became quickly inaudible as she ended up attaining quite the altitude, Renya judged.

The manipulation spell is a non-attribute spell which moves items without using one's hands.

For a common magic practitioner it's a spell that allows moving item, which are at the level of being holdable by one hand, with a suitable momentum. Never, ever is it a spell that can lift up something to a distance where a scream can't be heard and that lightly raises an armour with a weight, that makes it sink into the ground, by only one person.

It's a technique accomplishing a questionable cutting of corners by making an item reach a place with magic by using only its initial force without continuing to prolong the spell's effect in addition to an amplification of the effect by consuming large amounts of mana.

In other words, for Renya it's a feeling of playing a juggling game with the heavy

armour, which had Liaris inside, with an invisible, huge hand.

Even the wyvrens, who are circling above Renya's head, were apparently surprised by this. Their attention turned towards the armour which suddenly came flying.

In that instant Renya activated the second manipulation of the spell and threw Liaris' body vigorously at one of the wyvrens.

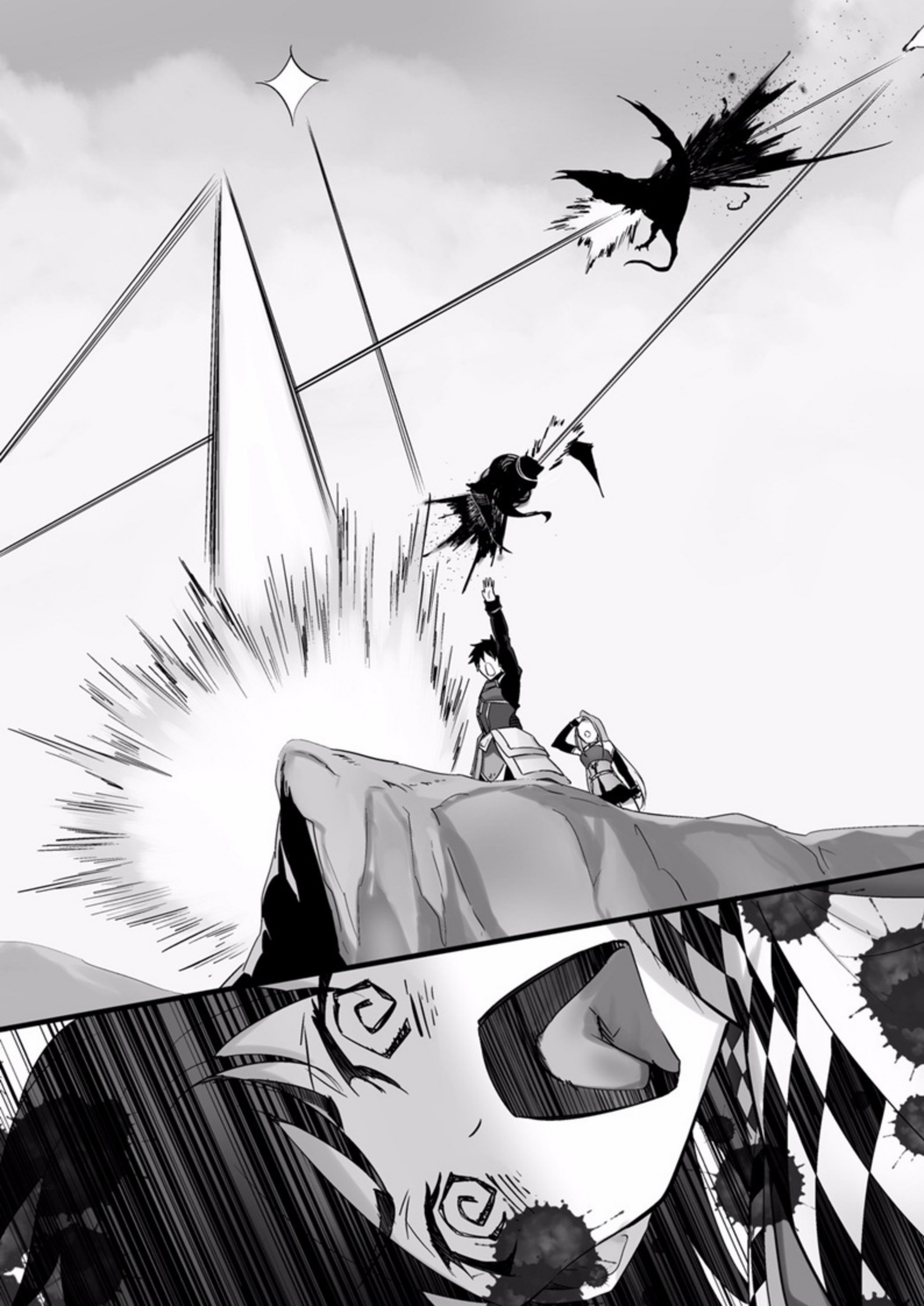
The wyvren took evasive measures in panic, but it was already too late at the moment it realized the approach.

The mumbling and screaming lump of metal clashes into the abdomen at the flank of the wyvren that failed to evade.

At that moment the wyvren raised a scream and the abdomen's flesh at the flank burst open.

Scattering around fragments of flesh and drops of blood, the wyvren falls down.

At that time there's already a sudden change in the flight direction of Liaris' body. It blows off the head of another wyvren.



Ahead of the look of Croire, who is gazing at the sky in a daze while being taken aback, the armour, which had Liaris inside and continued to freely soar through the sky, pierces the bodies of two more wyvrens and comes down just like that.

Falling down to a location visible by Renya and Croire, it lands gently on the ground after being stopped as if being caught by an invisible hand just on the verge of crashing into the ground.

“Renya... -san...” (Croire)

Did her eyes roll over? Croire turns a somewhat accusing gaze at Renya due to the armour’s posture of not moving with a twitch anymore and only raising groans of “uh uh”.

“Hasn’t Liaris defeated four wyvrens with this?” (Renya)

The sounds of four dead wyvren bodies crashing to the ground in succession reverberated in the surroundings of Renya who declared that nonchalantly without showing any remorse.

CHAPTER 70

IT SEEMS TO BE LIARIS' GREAT ACTIVITY

The mithril-made dagger's blade runs across the body of a wyvren.

The tough scales and skin, which are not penetrated easily if it's a normal blade, have almost no feeling of a resistance-like repulsion towards the mithril blade, which absorbed the will and mana of its wielder, and are cut open easily.

The scales don't have much value as raw material since they are nothing more than fairly tough, but even so they are in demand as raw materials for low-priced armours. Once you apply various treatments on them, they can also become an ingredient for medicine.

Since the skin is versatile on top of being durable, it fetches quite the high price as raw material.

Once you clear away the scales and skin, a whitish flesh will become visible below them.

It's great that there's no need to drain the blood as it has a large hole in the abdomen and the head's gone, while thinking that, Renya briskly cuts out that flesh.

This part isn't circulating on the market overly much, or rather the fault lies in the lack of a supply source, but since Renya heard that it's a very delicious ingredient, which kept the refined taste of its fat while having a soft meat quality, he properly dressed the meat and put it into his inventory.

However, it doesn't seem like we will be able to eat all of it. Mainly the meat from the breast, back, leg, the area around the neck and the tail are usable as ingredient.

Moreover, once he makes his way to the internal organs, there's a candy-sized magic gem just above the heart.

Of course he secures that.

It's an item that Renya doesn't regard as anything but having the value of glass marble by now due to the mass-production by Frau, but it's not like Renya has a leeway to the extent of neglecting and not collecting an item that can be turned into money.

Moreover, Renya was dying to secure the entrails as ingredients, but since he hesitates to make the stomach and guts of a carnivorous monster into ingredients, he leaves them alone although he's interested in them.

I thought that at least the heart and liver would be alright, but although I was able to guess which is the heart since it's moving, I don't know at all which is the liver.

Even if I consider that this might be it somehow or another, I don't have any confidence in my judgement.

It's a kind of animal that didn't exist in my previous world after all.

If I think that it might be the liver, there's remaining the possibility of it being something completely different of which I don't even know the name no matter what.

In the end Renya hesitated quite a bit and tearfully decided to give up on securing the liver.

Even if I wanted an advice, Croire has said that she hasn't done something like the dismantling of a wyvren and the other person is...

Thinking up to this point, Renya looks up to the sky.

There, with a feeling of having given up in a lot of ways, human-shaped steel is flying in the air with both its arms and legs swinging around while they are dangling loosely.

When that body soared once again through the sky, a flower of bright red blood bloomed in the sky.

"15 targets have been shot down..." (Croire)

Croire's voice has a somewhat hollow tone.

At the beginning she was clamouring around next to Renya, but stopping to make a fuss as time passed, she now limited herself to simply gazing with a somewhat distance look at the whereabouts of Liaris, who is continuing to soar through the sky, and the dismantling of Renya donning an expression of having given up in various ways as well.

"Although wyvrens are welcome, rock dragons are no good. They have no use." (Renya)

Are they lured in by the smell of the spilled blood of the dead wyvrens? One sub-dragon after the other appeared at the location of Renya and the others.

Most of them were wyvrens, but sometimes there's a rock dragon mixed in as well.

Just as its name states, the rock dragons have their whole body covered by a hard skin which is rugged and tough like a rock. The damage transmission through plain blows wasn't good.

He tried to defeat them by changing it into a showering of Liaris blows as it couldn't be helped, but once they were brought down, their hard skin became a hindrance in the dismantling next.

Moreover, with that skin being too hard, it isn't suited for processing either.

Is the moving of that heavy body for the purpose of delivering a finishing blow? The flesh was also tough and hard to chew.

As result of his expectation *maybe there's delicious meat hiding below the hard skin* being betrayed, Renya felt disappointed.

As it's not possible to eat it and raw materials can't be harvested either due to its plain toughness and sturdiness, it's a harassment-like monster.

After having defeated several of them, Renya chops them up with wind magic as soon as he finds them and leaves them as they are.

Given that they are completely scattered after having been turned into mince meat, there's no concern about them changing into undead.

"However, if this skirmish ends up being this showy... I have a feeling that it's fine even if we don't go especially for a dragon in reverse." (Renya)

"Do- you intend- to- defeat a- dragon- with that- as well?" (Croire)

"That's right... It's difficult to speak about having participated in the battle, if she doesn't land at least one hit, right?" (Renya)

"Even in- the current- state it's- hard to call- it like- that, I- believe." (Croire)

“Is that so?” Renya looks up to the armour flying above his head.

Certainly, the one doing the manipulation is me, but it's an unmistakable fact that they wyvrens are defeated by the ramming attacks of Liaris who's inside the armour, if you only look at the results.

However, it's nothing more but the person herself having absolutely no freedom of action.

Even if they were to examine the authenticity with a divination, it's likely unthinkable for them to judge it as lie, Renya is certain of that. (T/N: I misinterpreted the wording in the chapter where Renya, Shion and Rona come to the gate of Kukrika for the first time. The kanji is 法術 (houjutsu) which translates as practising law or art of law, but as a magic spell is meant here and as it seems to be connected to faith, I will translate it as divination)*

“I wonder if the dragon won't come this way, too, due to being tempted by the smell of blood?” (Renya)

“If it did so, it would save us the trouble of searching for it”, Renya says.

While hiding on the other side of her faint smile the thought *if possible, I don't want to encounter it though*, Croire says,

“Do you want- me to look- for it?” (Croire)

“Are you able to?” (Renya)

Croire nods towards Renya who asks with a slightly surprised expression.

“Can you even use the divination <Investigation>?” (Renya)

“Elves- aren't able- to use- divination. That's- because we- don't believe- in god.” (Croire)

“Then, how will you do it?” (Renya)

“For the- time- being, leave it- to- me, please.” (Croire)

Once she takes over by hitting her chest with a *pon*, Croire focusses her consciousness.

It's not a type of magic.

It can't be called skill either.

Instead it was something named 「Amplification of Perception」 the elves possess from the time of their birth.

Originally it is used to probe the state of the surroundings within a forest, but even if they aren't in a forest, they perceive things like the sound of wind, scents, slight vibrations and sounds and although it's only vaguely, they are able to picture the scenery of quite a range in their minds.

Of course this isn't something they have usually deployed.

As long as they don't think about wanting to use it, it's something similar to a hidden talent.

If that wasn't the case, the elves would continuously be scared of small sounds and faint presences while leading their everyday's lives.

Elves won't usually use this ability at places where there are other races besides them.

That's because that would expose one of their powers.

And thus there are only few people who know about the elves possessing such ability.

Currently, Croire who judged to use that ability in front of Renya has first the feeling that *it won't particularly hurt if I show it to Renya* and second, *if I don't find the dragon quickly, Liaris will likely continue crashing into wyvrens and rock dragons forever while being swung around in the sky*, she believed.

Beginning to spread the range of her perception, Croire immediately noticed two unusual phenomena.

One is her own range of perception.

If it's a normal elf, the range is limited to a circle of several hundred meters in diameter.

Very skilled elves barely reach a space of one to two kilometres.

However, the perception of Croire, who went full throttle from the beginning, easily surpasses 2 km and spread up to places reaching 3 km.

That change doesn't stop with the perception, but also extends to my skill in magic, my swordsmanship and my agility, Croire realized.

It's a change that occurred after she fought the monster army together with Renya.

What happened to my own body? Although Croire didn't understand it, she isn't in a bad condition. Given that it's not a bad situation either, she doesn't care about it overly much.

Maybe it's influenced by performing the last rites to the demon as was recommended to me by Renya is the level of her thinking about it.

The second phenomenon is an event happening within her extended perception.

Croire picked up several big reactions within the sphere of her perception.

As those were powerful reactions that couldn't be compared to wyvrens, Croire thought *isn't that likely the response of the dragons?*

Although she thought that, it was particularly incomprehensible for all those reactions to simultaneously move with quite the speed in a direction away from the location where Renya and the others are.

Moreover, as for incomprehensible situations; in a place with a slightly opened level ground that was somewhat apart from them, only one largish reaction has stayed behind, but it's not trying to move from its location at all.

What the heck are these reactions representing? Unable to understand it, Croire tilts her head to the side.

Renya, who looked at her state from the side, sees Croire tilting her head and calls out to her.

"Did you discover something?" (Renya)

"In this- direction..." (Croire)

Croire pointed in the direction of the reaction that doesn't move.

"It's a- large- reaction, but- it's only- one. And, I don't- understand the- reason."
(Croire)

"Uh huh." (Renya)

"As it's a bit- larger- reaction, many are- moving- away from- it." (Croire)

If one considered only the whereabouts of the reaction, they wouldn't get away even if trying to escape, but speaking of dragons, they are high-classed beings that can also be called the strongest monsters.

Since there are all kinds albeit being labelled as dragon, it wasn't like all of them were transcending existences, but even the lowest ranked dragon, on top of having to gather several a-rank adventurer parties, they would need to resolve themselves for a considerable amount of losses as there's no mistake in it being a formidable enemy.

If it comes to superior dragons there even exist specimen which have combat ability to degree of the possibility of failure being quite high even if a country embarks onto a subjugation en masse.

The dragons, who are inhabiting this group of rocky mountains, seem to be relatively low-ranking dragons Croire has investigated beforehand, but even so they aren't opponents that you can flee from with a party that has only three people.

"They are running away?" (Renya)

"Such is- the reaction. However, for them- to have chosen- to run- away- this easily..."
(Croire)

"It might be", Croire changes her thinking in the middle of her words.

The monster called dragon is also intelligent. It seems to be quite the clever creature.

Given that usually a dragon has very few meetings with beings who can match it, there are no situations for a dragon to force it to flee, but currently among the members who have come to hunt them, there are pretty much normal beings like Croire herself and Liaris who is flying in the air, but the problem is Renya.

Boasting of a mana capacity that's simply able to shoulder almost all of the mana used by an army by himself, he is the owner of the ability to slaughter even that demon in one-on-one combat.

Regarding the aspect of danger, isn't this person already rivalling a dragon?

Such thoughts gain strength within Croire.

Those don't seem to be such foolish considerations, Croire believed.

"What's wrong?" (Renya)

"No, nothing. So. Only one- reaction has- remained- ahead of- here." (Croire)

"Did it fall behind in escaping?" (Renya)

"I wonder- about that? If it- intends- to run away, it will- escape- quickly, I think. But, the- reaction isn't- moving from- its- place." (Croire)

"Is it a dragon, I wonder?" (Renya)

Even if he asks, I don't know that much.

Croire shrugged her shoulders.

"Going by- its size, the- possibility is- high, I think." (Croire)

"Well then, shall we check up on that one?" (Renya)

Saying this, Renya turns his look towards Liaris who is soaring through the air.

The armour, which flew through the skies with Liaris inside, directly descended to the location of Renya and Croire while being guided by Renya's look. It completely stopped close to the ground.

"Liaris, are you awake? Could she have possibly lost consciousness or died?" (Renya)

"R-Renya-san... this treatment is... far too cruel..." (Liaris)

The broken voice of Liaris was audible.

Being swung around to such an extent, she apparently felt at ease with not losing her consciousness even when she was thrown around.

Seeing that mithril is a metal that reacts to the will of the person having it equipped, its effect will decrease considerably if its wearer faints and loses consciousness.

While being conscious the person equipping it won't receive almost no damage that might turn into an injury even if the treatment is fairly relentless, Renya finishes his confirmation.

“Since we found something dragon-like, we will go there. Are you able to keep up your motivation properly?” (Renya)

“I-... I will do my best.” (Liaris)

Due to the unexpectedly clear answer, albeit it coming across in a murmur, Renya judges *it's still fine for the next while*.

Because weight is weight after all, Renya was worried about the consumption of mana while transporting the armour, however although he certainly expended a large quantity of mana if assessing what was used by now, it's also not an amount that can't be maintained either.

Given that it will take time to equip it once again if taken off temporarily, Renya decides to transport the armour with the <Manipulation> spell as is.

“Well, then let's go?” (Renya)

Urging on Croire, Renya heads towards the place where the reaction, which Croire sensed, is located at.

Renya and Croire, who walked for a while, came out at a slightly open place before long and immediately came across an unbelievable spectacle there.

“Hey... what do you think is that?” (Renya)

“Even if- you ask- me...” (Croire)

The spectacle, which appeared in front of Renya and the others, was a somewhat indescribable view.

It was the slightly opened space according to what Croire felt, but in the middle of that place a red-scaled dragon with a length of around 10 metres struggled violently while being tied at the neck with thick chains which were nailed to the ground on one side.

CHAPTER 71

IT SEEMS TO BE LEFT BEHIND

Within the flow of a terribly relaxed or very idiotic mood, Renya hides himself in the shadow of a close-by rock while being somewhat apologetic to some extent and observes the situation by quietly peeking out from the shadows.

Since the armour with Liaris is lightly floating in the air above his head, there was no meaning in him hiding, but for some reason Renya felt that it won't do if he doesn't do that.

Croire sticks to Renya's back with a look that tells that vaguely as well.

Ahead of their looks an red-scaled dragon earnestly struggles trying to somehow tear off or uproot the chains binding it.

Although a part of the chains is embedded into the ground, are they affixed very deeply and strongly after all? There's absolutely no indication of it being able to pull them out.

The detailed thickness of the chains' main part couldn't be grasped from Renya's location, but they appear to be considerably robust. The dragon raises its roar while pulling at them, however the chains are unyielding no matter how much it tears at them.

Is it a special material or are they reinforced with magic?

In any case, if the chains have the mere strength to completely confine the actions of a 10-metre-class monster, they are likely no normal items, Renya judges, but he doesn't know their origin.

As he puts that question aside for the time being, there's one problem he has to think about urgently.

That problem is why that unusual item is twined around the neck of a dragon at this place. *Is it about the dragon being confined here?*

First off, there's no doubt that it's impossible for it to have happened naturally.

Since that's the case, it's something done intentionally by someone, is how it will play out, but in that case the problem that pops up next is what kind of intention there was behind doing such thing.

There likely has been a being possessing quite the ability to be able to restrain a dragon's movements by attaching a collar to its neck.

However, if it's a being that has this much ability; if they came for example to hunt dragons, it will be a simple talk about them quickly hunting them, killing them and taking them home. If the objective is to capture it, the meaning in affixing a part of the chains to the ground is incomprehensible.

Is it restrained for the time while they are bringing some kind of means to transport it?
At the time Renya began to think about that, Croire called for his attention by lightly poking Renya's back.

"What's up?" (Renya)

"Something- is hanging- down at the- area around- that dragon's- neck." (Croire)

Renya, who strained his eyes after being told that, noticed that something like a name plate of a dog or cat is certainly swaying limply at the dragon's neck just as Croire said.

Something was apparently written on the surface of that plate, which possessed a metallic lustre, but Renya is unable to tell what's stated there with his eyesight.

"It has some writing, but... I can't read it. You don't say it's really a name plate!? Are there folks who make dragons into their pets?" (Renya)

"That's too- absurd. Among- the human- countries- there also are- countries who- have soldiers- that ride- dragons. But, the ones- they are possessing- are- at most- wyvrens." (Croire)

"By the way, lesser dragons and dragons are something totally different", Croire showed her vast knowledge by explaining it.

Lesser dragon is a word that categorizes dragon-like monsters such as wyvrens, rock dragons, drakes or sea serpents while leaving dragons out of it. Dragon* specifies only dragon*. (T/N: First time the author uses the kanji ryuu, second time it's the katakana version doragon)

“It seems- there were- knights- who rode- dragons- in ancient- times- as well. But currently- there isn’t- even a single- one of- those existing.” (Croire)

“I see. If that’s the case, who the hell has done such thing?” (Renya)

“I don’t- know. Though- I don’t- know, the words- written on- that- plate are- somehow...” (Croire)

“Somehow?” (Renya)

“They have- a feeling- of being- written- as gift.” (Croire)

Unintentionally looking back, Renya and Croire stare at each other’s faces.

Renya started to say something stupid, but he holds his tongue seeing that Croire, who looked back at him, has an expression of completely not agreeing with her own words.

“A gift from who to who?” (Renya)

“I wonder?” (Croire)

Due to the casual response from Croire, which is as if to say “there’s no way for me to know, is there?”, Renya thinks that it’s only natural.

“For the time being let’s have Liaris hit it?” (Renya)

“I... will be finally launched at a dragon.” (Liaris)

Liaris say as if muttering quietly with a voice filled completely with a feeling of resignation.

“At my last moments... I haven’t properly answered to Az-kun...” (Liaris)

“Oi, why are you emitting an atmosphere of dying? Won’t you lose your dignity to meet with Az if you die?” (Renya)

Her not moving with even a twitch is actually because she can’t move inside due to the weight of the armour, but due to Liaris murmurs dripping out from within that armour, Renya crisply hits its surface with his palm while showing an expression as if to say that it would be regrettable.

Because he ended up hitting the surface which has been sullied with blood, Renya wipes the blood, which ended up sticking to his palm, on the surface of the rock they are hiding at.

“I told you that I finished the experiment satisfactorily, right? Even if you clash into a rock at the highest speed, you won’t have to worry about receiving damage at the level of it being painful if you stay conscious properly.” (Renya)

“Az-kun... I, was defiled...” (Liaris)

“Don’t say such scandalous words. To be defiled; it’s mostly blood, right?” (Renya)

At the time when Renya thought of that method of attacking, he considered to make the armour completely encapsulated at the beginning.

Otherwise blood and other stuff will pour inside through the gaps at the time it crashes into monsters. He easily predicted for it to become a miserable situation for the person staying inside.

But, he gave up immediately on that matter.

If it’s closed air-tightly, the person inside will of course suffocate.

Rather, in order to get rid of the possibility of suffocation, I should create gaps all over, he judged.

There’s the possibility of clogged blood and meat pieces plugging up a half-baked gap.

And thus Renya made small holes and slits all over the armour and improved the breath-ability.

Thanks to that there was absolutely no chance of suffocating, but instead blood and other stuff freely gets inside the armour.

“I want to wash my body... it’s sticky and smells of blood...” (Liaris)

“Endure for now as I will prepare a hot bath later.” (Renya)

“Yes...” (Liaris)

Renya, who turned in the direction of the dragon as he decided to have Liaris, who apparently fixed her resolution finally, take off vigorously, has a flabbergasted expression after desisting from throwing Liaris at the spectacle it had become over there.

Croire, who has already turned that way, has still a distant and blank look.

Over there, the dragon had given up on tearing off the chains, but Renya saw a scene that exceeded his imagination as the dragon is cowering while covering its own head with its forefeet after taking a stance of laying down.

It appears that it sensed Renya moving into attack preparations, but shutting its eyes tightly and trembling slightly, its figure looks somewhat pathetic and ridiculous no matter how much it has the large build of a dragon.

As expected, even Renya wasn't able to ruthlessly inflict a blow with the scene in front of him.

"Oi, dragon over there." (Renya)

He didn't know how far the skill of another world language, he possesses, would work, but Renya tried to call out to the dragon while praying silently that he will be able to communicate with it.

The dragon, which was called out by Renya, opens only one of the tightly closed eyes and looks in the direction of Renya to observe the state of affairs.

Renya presumes that it's apparently able to understand him from the dragon's state.

"If you don't have any intention to attack us, answer or lightly strike the ground once with your tail." (Renya)

The frail dragon hit the ground with its tail with a *thump*

Seeing that, Renya comes out from shade of the rock, he hid at, while preparing to be able to deploy defensive magic at any time.

Behind him the armour with Liaris slowly descended to the ground.

"Common language- is understood- by the- dragon." (Croire)

Due to the surprised words of Croire, Renya understands that there is apparently no exclusive language to communicate with dragons.

If there was, Renya's language skill should translate his words by using that language.

"Croire, can you remove Liaris' armour please since I will have a little chat with that dragon?" (Renya)

"Got- it. ... If I- don't lift- it up- and- wipe the exterior- before removing- it, I won't- know- where it's fine- to- touch, this..." (Croire)

He takes out a cask filled with water and a dust cloth from within his inventory and hands them to Croire who hesitates to touch the armour in front of her which has become sticky with clotted blood and pieces of meat. And then Renya approaches the dragon by himself.

Renya walked while being tense as he can't say when the dragon will suddenly move, but without changing from its posture of laying down, the dragon chases Renya's movements with its one open eye.

Before long Renya approached the dragon up to a distance where he can touch its body and gently placed his palm on its body.

At the moment Renya's palm touched its body the dragon shivered with a start, but once it understands that Renya won't do anything beyond that, it returns little-by-little to the state of trembling lightly.

Renya realizes that it's frightened quite a bit, but he doesn't know what's scaring it this much.

For the time being he tries to gently stroke the dragon's body with his touching palm.

"Its scales are hard after all. It's a great material. There's nothing to criticize about their elasticity either. Doesn't it have quite the fleshiness based on the feeling of the scales bouncing back after being pushed lightly." (Renya)

"Since its body is quite big, its meat is certainly bright red" or such Renya mutters.

Hearing his muttering, the dragon trembles largely. Of all things its eyes started to spill tears in large drops.

Renya, who checked the fleshiness of the dragon with the thumbs of both hands completely like a merchant assessing the meat quality of beef cattle, is startled after noticing the dragon having burst into tears, but remembering right away that this dragon understands the words of man, he follows up in a hurry.

“Well, it’s not like I particularly decided to eat you...” (Renya)

<Isn’t it about that choice existing as well!?!>

Due to the voice she heard all of a sudden, Croire, who was struggling with the clasps of Liaris’ armour, looks in the direction of Renya with a surprised expression.

“Telepathic communication?” (Croire)

<Ah, yes. Sorry for suddenly startling you by addressing you.>

“It’s best if it’s possible to understand each other, however... why were you tied by chains at such place? Moreover, there’s even a gift plate hanging down... does your owner wish to eat you?” (Renya)

<It’s something else! As a matter of fact...>

The dragon, who denied it right away, begins to explain about the situation it was put into.

<Approximately 10 dragons inhabited this neighbourhood, but as they have sensed you guys approaching quite before you got here, they didn’t think anything but stupid people having gone mad or it being an incorrigible dragon subjugation once again.>

“I see?” (Renya)

<At the time those flies, which lack common sense and reason, went to attack some small animals, something outrageous happened, right?>

Being asked, Renya tilts his head in contemplation.

Flies is probably about the wyvrens as they are seen by the dragons, but I have no clue about the outrageous thing it talks about.

<It should have been done by something crazy. The mana I felt at that time was an

unthinkable amount of mana.>

“Oh? Maybe it’s about throwing around the armour, which is rolling around over there, with the <Manipulation> spell?” (Renya)

Once pointing at the lump of metal which had its clasps starting to be released somehow while Croire is struggling heavily, the dragon lifted its head only a bit after separating its feet from the head they covered and took a long hard look at Renya.

<What have you done?>

“Wyvren extermination.” (Renya)

Being answered immediately, the dragon thoroughly put its chin on the ground and covered its head with both its forefeet again due to the merciless method.

<A-Anyway. Because of the amount of mana they felt at that time, understanding that something absolutely terrible is approaching...>

“They decided to escape, but since they thought that I would be able to come after them if they simply ran away, they decided to leave one behind to cut off the tail of a lizard? Are you maybe the weakest individual of the dragons around here?” (Renya)

Once Renya says that to continue the rest of its speech, the dragon shows a somewhat pathetic-looking expression.

<It’s just as you’ve said... this state is because I was ganged up on by the other dragons.>

“So they even attached a collar connected to chains and a gift plate out of politeness...? Aren’t you guys pretty much the powerful kind of monsters?” (Renya)

Indeed, it should be impossible to tear it off, Renya looks at the chains connected to the collar of the dragon.

Because those are chains used by dragons to restrain dragons, there’s no way it’s possible to tear it off with the power of a dragon.

<That’s not how it is... the humans are simply saying that on their own accord.>

If it's a dragon of the superior or ancient type, it will certainly boast of a strength at a level making it possible to name it the strongest, but this dragon calls itself a normal dragon. From the viewpoint of humans it's surely a strong monster, however if it fought with a demon of a reasonable standing, one can say it's at the level of being killed easily.

<Please, just spare my life... if it's anything besides that, I will endure up to quite the level... since I haven't yet lived for more than approximately 300 years... I'm at the appropriate where I want to make out with a cute female.>

While feeling the two doubts of *what's up with its frankness, I wonder?* and his surprise *you are a male?*, Renya hit the dragon's skin covered by scales with a *slap* while thinking *well, what to do about this?*

CHAPTER 72

IT SEEMS SOMETHING CAME

Renya gathers his thoughts.

Assuming that the several rock dragons won't count towards the current military gains as we didn't fetch the subjugation proofs, there is still the result of 15 subjugated wyvrens remaining.

Given that I have collected the magic cores, those will easily serve as evidence.

Even if we try to report all of it as Liaris' military gains, as they likely won't be able to believe and accept the entire story, Liaris will be able to at least claim about 7 wyvrens as her own half of it, Renya predicts, but it's unclear how much the subjugation of 7 wyvrens will be worth as achievement.

From Renya's standpoint, he doesn't feel it as considerable degree of difficulty to have subjugated those wyvrens because he recognizes it as the wyvren having crashed after being hit by a heavy armour.

I don't think it will become an achievement no matter how many of them were defeated seeing that it's possible to defeat them this easily, he just thinks.

In reality wyvrens and rock dragons are monsters with a power level that can probably brought down one way or the other by a party of C-rank adventurers. They aren't monsters you can earn money with through numbers.

However, Liaris, who is the only person who can point out such matter in this place, is still stuck within the heavy armour. It's not like Croire, who tried to get her out of it with her utmost effort, possesses that much knowledge about the ability of adventurers either. It was a situation where there was no one able to point out that Renya's thinking was wrong.

Renya looks down at the dragon which is cowering at the side.

There's no doubt that we probably will have to subjugate a dragon.

No matter what kind of fairy-tale it is, those, who subjugated a dragon, will be awarded with the most prestige.

That's likely not any different in this world either, Renya believes.

But, if he is asked whether he is able to subjugate this dragon, who is frantically begging for its life while shrinking down his large build as much as possible, without any compassion, Renya won't be able to answer anything but no.

If it was an opponent that faced him properly, he had the confidence of being able to crush them underfoot while laughing at them even if it's such a frail being, but Renya wants to avoid turning his fists against an opponent who pleads to be spared.

Not to mention that this dragon hasn't caused any kind of harm to Renya and the others to begin with.

He ends up hesitating to kill the dragon, who harbours no hostility although one can't say that it's harmless either, with his own hands, even if it's for the sake of his friend's lover.

For example it was even a dragon who frankly admitted he wants to make out with a female.

For example it was even a dragon who frankly admitted he wants to make out with a female.

For example it...

"I have a feeling that it will be fine if we hunt something suitable." (Renya)

Renya, who started to believe that there's no meaning in an existence like a dragon that became flirty, says that in a flat voice and the dragon, who is still in a posture of prostrating itself, hits the ground with his tail with a *flop flop* in order to protest against this.

<Don't~! Please save me, I will do anything!>

"Hmm, anything, eh...?" (Renya)

That means it pretty much made a pledge, Renya thinks.

The magic core will be necessary by all means as proof of a dragon subjugation.

Since the magic core is located above the dragon's heart or within its head, there's no other option but to try opening the chest or head in order to take it out.

And, even though Renya has means to open those, he doesn't happen to have the skill to restore those back to their original state at hand.

If you leave the opened chest or head of most living creatures alone, they will die.

Well, how annoying, Renya folded his arms.

Looking up to the sky wondering what he should do, Renya discovered that when he returned his sight to the dragon once again.

From Renya's view it's in a place facing towards the dragon on its other side.

It suddenly stood there without any chain of reasoning.

"Yaa, hello."



That, which abruptly raised its right hand and greeted them, had an appearance similar to a badly made stuffed toy that was wrapped in bandages, if one has to describe it.

Has it been wrapped in considerably thick bandages? Or is there a person inside? At any rate, the lump of bandages had more or less the shape of a person, but it's showing a smooth body that ended up painting over all the information like revealing its gender and race.

Even the area around the head doesn't expose its eyes and mouth. I wonder if it can see like this? And why isn't its voice muffled? Those question are popping up one after the other.

The voice was pretty much that of a woman with its high pitch.

“Huh? Won't you reply to my greetings?”

“Just where... the heck did you appear from?” (Renya)

Given that there are precedents of him not having felt a presence, he isn't surprised to such an extent.

However, the fact that it suddenly appeared without even Croire, who possesses quite the sharp sense of hearing, noticing it, was plenty to even give Renya a surprise.

Renya asks somewhat absent-mindedly without being able to recover from that shock, but he naturally places his hand on the katana at his waist.

Due to his action, which has changed into a partially conditioned reflex for Renya, the lump of bandages pushed out both its hands in front of it in a hurry.

“Wait, wait. I'm not a particularly suspicious person. I'm just a passing-by Bandages-san.”

While thinking that there's likely no way for Bandages to simply pass by, Renya glares at it.

“Aren't there shady parts with such a self-introduction?” (Renya)

While standing ready with the intention to cut it down alongside the dragon, which is

between them, if necessary, Renya turns a fleeting glance in Croire's direction.

Croire had frantically worked at removing the armour with Liaris in it until the bandages appeared, but did she quickly sense Renya's reaction? It appeared that she has hidden in the shade of a rock and is secretly looking over here.

Of course the armour has been left alone as is.

It could be said to be only natural since Croire wouldn't be even able to drag it along with her arm strength. And it can also be said that for Liaris being inside the armour is the safest place anyway.

"You seem to be troubled, eh? Don't you feel like trying to consult with this kind, passing-by Bandages-san here?"

Renya laughed scornfully at the words of the lump of bandages which asked while leaning its upper body forward.

"A fellow, who asks for a consultation with this type of invitation, is a fool." (Renya)

"Is that so? I think that there are many people who will get excited and jump at that good luck though."

The Bandages hit the dragon's body with a hand, that was pushed out, with a *pon pon*

The dragon shows no indication of moving while looking at the lump of bandages with the same gaze as it faced Renya.

"Let me guess your problem? Don't you want to use this dragon here one way or the other?"

Renya doesn't answer.

How did the bandages take his silence? It continues in an unchanged tone.

"Since it will probably easy if you simply kill it, there's also a reason why you don't want to kill it, I guess?"

"You..." (Renya)

“Though it’s somehow possible for me. What will you do?”

Due to the signs of Renya strengthening his vigilance, the Bandages spins around while spreading both its hands without caring at all.

Doesn’t it think anything at all about its behaviour being full of gaps? Or does it believe that there’s no necessity for it to mind about someone like Renya who can slash it at any time?

“What do you plan to do?” (Renya)

Renya asked while keeping an alert eye on the actions of Bandages.

Bandages stops to turn around and hits the dragon’s body with a *pon pon* again.

“It depends on what you want to do, doesn’t it? For example, if you just want to take out the magic core...”

The lump of bandages tucks up both its hands.

Seeing variously shaped blades showing up, accompanied by metallic sounds, from the gaps in between the bandages, Renya moved his body back a bit.

Hasn’t it caught sight of Renya’s state? Bandages loudly declares,

“If it’s me, I’m capable of dismantling this dragon without it dying.”

The dragon temporarily shook its large body due to the thoughtlessly dangerous statement.

Renya tries to ask one thing while sighing lightly at the dragon’s state.

“Have you prepared anaesthesia and such?” (Renya)

“Huh?”

Once Renya asks the question to Bandages which immediately retracts the blades it took out just a minute ago, it replies in a somewhat idiotic voice,

“Anaesthesia, anaesthesia you say. Is something like dismantling impossible without

anaesthesia?”

“Ah, it will be alright. It won’t die though it will be a pain to the degree of dying.”
(Renya)

The dragon’s face becomes stiff due to the words of Bandages which were stated quite indifferently.

Renya shook his head while thinking that he’s probably watching something exceedingly strange now.

“No matter how you put it, that’s far too cruel.” (Renya)

Due to Renya saying “something like performing an open surgery on the chest without anaesthesia in a state of being conscious is likely unendurable if done just like that”, Bandages groans while doing something like folding its arms.

Although he realizes that it wants to fold its arms which are a lump of bandages as well, they don’t come together at all.

“Then... ah, that’s right. If the dragon acknowledges it, I can also do it so that it will get enslaved.”

Due to the word “enslavement”, Renya’s face moves with a twitch.

It meant that the magic core, gouged out from that monster, would be necessary to show it as proof that it was subjugated, but in that case it would become necessary to kill the dragon in front of him no matter what.

Otherwise it would be necessary to forever watch the agony of the dragon which had its magic core taken out without anaesthesia.

However, there shouldn’t be anything more convincing, without the necessity of troublesome processing either, if they show the actual article with “it was captured at great difficulty though.”

But, no matter what, Renya is worried about the lack of suspiciousness because of the stuffed toy in front of him.

It would still be fine if there was just a bit of hostility, but it’s strangely friendly to a

great extent.

Renya has no stuffed toy or bandage acquaintances.

In other words, even though he doesn't remember having a friendly interaction with those, this lump of bandages is talking to him intimately without minding Renya putting his hand on a weapon.

"Just who the heck are you?" (Renya)

"Well, isn't it fine after we finish various things?"

Bandages tries to shelve the question, but Renya has no intention to let that pass.

Once he unsheathes the katana in a smooth motion, he thrusts its point at the place where the face of Bandages is likely situated.

"Does anyone depend on a party they don't know?" (Renya)

Renya intended to apply a light pressure, but it apparently didn't get through to Bandages at all.

"Eh? Ah, Are you telling me that you want to see my face? W-Wait a moment, okay? Well, I didn't predict that... for them to getting attached this much after the medical treatment, thus... will it be alright if I don't something unreasonable, I wonder? If I do it too fiercely, it will become a strain, but... I think it's possible to correct them though."

"What are you mumbling about...?" (Renya)

Without showing an interest in the thrust-out point of the katana at all, the lump of bandages began to mumble something while flapping both its arms.

In front of the astonished Renya, the lump of bandages which was like that for a little while, gives a single nod with an "alright" before long.

"Okaay. I will remove the bandages."

Saying that, it started to tamper with its own body while using both arms which had been changed into bandage-shrouded tubes.

The lump of bandages, which struggled for a while ahead of Renya, who is staring at it with a doubtful look while wondering whether the bandages will come off, stopped moving soon and after pondering for a bit, it came walking in front of Renya circling around the intervening body of the dragon.

Due to that overly defenceless act, Renya sheathes the thrust-out katana in its scabbard reflexively.

“What?” (Renya)

“It looks like I can’t get them off by myself. Won’t you please remove them for me?”

The lump of bandages holds out both hands while requesting that.

So, how did you coil those bandages around, Renya wanted to ask, but he feels like it would dodge answering if he said that or give a strange answer.

While harbouring somewhat dissatisfied thoughts, Renya started to unravel the bandages of a held-out hand, as prompted.

However, this unexpectedly became a very troublesome task as Renya had foreseen.

At any rate, it’s bandages that have been coiled around until they have become quite dense.

It’s a state where one doesn’t know at all just how thick the layers are and what’s inside. It’s not a half-hearted amount of bandages.

In other words, even as he unwraps and unwraps, bandages appear one after the other.

Even though the unwrapped bandages begin to form a mountain underfoot, there’s no indication that whatever’s inside will become visible.

Isn’t it in fact bandages down to the core without anyone being inside? Even as he thinks that, the amount of bandages is piling up under Renya’s feet.

“Yaa, sorry for troubling you this much. But, it was necessary to use that many bandages.”

The patient Bandages raised its voice as if smiling bitterly while the bandages are

getting removed by Renya.

Which reminds me, just where the heck did the blades, which came out from in-between the gaps in the bandages earlier, go?

At the time Renya began to harbour such question, a slender white arm showed up from within the bandages which were removed at last.

CHAPTER 73

IT SEEMS TO BE THE TRUE IDENTITY OF BANDAGES

Under his feet an amount of bandages to the degree of the pile rising to his ankles has fallen.

In the current situation of him standing directly in the middle of that, Renya fixedly stared at the white arm that appeared from within the bandages.

From its appearance there was almost no doubt that it was the arm of a woman.

And in addition to that it doesn't seem like that arm has carried out things like manual labour or fighting. It's a supple arm that has almost no muscles on it.

Since Shion and Rona are practising swinging a long sword and mace respectively, their arms have proper muscles even while retaining a certain extent of femininity.

Although Croire has an amount of muscles that mostly can't be seen from her outward appearance as should be expected of those called elves, she was still in a fairly trained state if one looks properly.

However, that arm, which dug its way out from within the bandages, is an arm giving an impression of a so called young lady from a good family due to its fleshiness which Renya had not once see in his whole life.

Does that mean there's a young lady of a good pedigree hidden within those bandages? Renya thought for an instant, but immediately denied that thought as impossible.

The current location being the dwelling of a dragon with wyvrens and such buzzing about close-by is a completely dangerous place. It's not a place where a young lady of a good pedigree takes a carefree stroll while having her body wrapped in a large amount of bandages.

Moreover, the other party is alone.

Since there's no indication of anyone accompanying her either, there's no way that she's a young lady.

"Since your arm came out, will you be able to unwrap the rest by yourself?" (Renya)

In the first place, if she isn't the owner of an ability at the level of Renya, it should have been difficult for her to even come as far as to this place.

Just how the hell did the owner of this arm get to such place? While Renya felt such a doubt, Bandages already held out her other hand towards Renya once he asked.

"What is it?" (Renya)

"I don't want to stop in the middle of it, you know. Since I started to work on it, I wonder if you can't unwrap them until the end for me?"

Renya stops himself from asking *Are you screwing around with me?*

After taking a deep breath in order to calm down himself, he took the hand which was held out towards him.

"Got it, stand still." (Renya)

Answering like that, Renya unwraps the bandages coiled around the other arm while secretly making the neglected armour with Liaris in it float with the spell and carries it to the shade where Croire has hidden.

In case it becomes a situation where they have to escape, it will be fine if they abandon the armour, but it's not like they can leave Liaris, who is inside, behind.

In that case, it won't do without Liaris getting quickly out of the armour in preparation for the time when something happens.

There's also the option of transporting it with the spell <Manipulation>, but I can't say for sure that it will be possible in an emergency to do so.

Pretending to meet slight, unexpected difficulties while untying the bandages, Renya gains time.

"Sorry for troubling you."

“Good grief. What’s the intention behind using such large amount of bandages...”
(Renya)

“It was the medical treatment for a little bit largish technique. It was a necessary measure to preserve until it became stable, wasn’t it?”

“What kind of thing did you... there you are, it got off.” (Renya)

When Renya said that, both hands of Bandages were freed from bandages.

Her body, legs and head are still in a state of being enveloped in thick layers of bandages. After having thick poles on both sides made out of bandages, the spectacle of slender, female arms stretching out instead can only be called eerie or ridiculous. Renya doesn’t know which one though.

“Next the head, please.”

“Do it yourself...” (Renya)

“Pretty please, Renya-kun.”

Renya’s expression gets tense due to the voice that contained a smile.

“You... know my name?” (Renya)

“Fufu... rather than that, please remove the bandages on my head, okay? The elven young lady in the back needs time to rescue the human stuck within that armour, doesn’t she?”

Due to Bandages giggling lightly, Renya clicks his tongue without even trying to hide it.

Even if it can’t be helped that Croire’s movements had been exposed, Renya didn’t expect at all for this suspicious character to know his name.

“It will be alright even if you aren’t that vigilant? If you are worried, I can put my hands together behind my back like this.”

The lump of bandages puts both her arms, which became free, behind her own back and linked the fingers of both hands.

Renya was a bit lost at this point.

Do I continue to remove the bandages just as I've been told or do I cut her down by drawing my sword at this point-blank range? Those are the two options.

After a small amount of hesitation, Renya started to remove the bandages on the head part.

It's not like I can't kill her by using a blade, he thought, but at present there's still no reason to cut her down.

Killing because they are strange, because they are suspicious; that doesn't depend on anything but the result of cutting until it merely results in finishing without cutting.

It's the act of a fool to hold back power without using it, but it's a stupid deed to use it without considering the place where it's to be used.

Even the bandages coiled around the head are stacked in an unbelievable amount. *It's skilfully done to have this much bandages completely twining around the face without her suffocating*, Renya secretly admired.

Once he removes the bandages swiftly, the hidden face becomes exposed.

Renya, who kept taking a long and hard look at that exposed face from point-blank range, was puzzled within his mind.

It was a face of a little girl he hadn't seen since coming to this world.

Her hair is put together into a side tail and has an orchid colour. Her skin, rather than appearing as transparent, it is abnormally white.

Her ears have a very human-like shape, but her deep crimson pupils, which were filled with an impish light, feel just a little different from those of humans if one looks from nearby.

It was fairly difficult to guess the age by just her face, but *going by my impression, she feels a bit younger than Shion, I guess*, Renya estimated.

Be that as it may, Renya closely gazes at that face.

It seemed like the other party knew Renya's name, but no matter how many times he searched his memory, Renya didn't remember the face in front of him after all.

Then it means that the other party knows about Renya one-sidedly, is how it works out, but *I can't predict from whom, of those who know me, the information might have been handed down.*

The little girl stares at Renya quizzical expression with a friendly grin as if seeing something amusing.

"Say? Did we meet somewhere before?" (Renya)

"That's right. I have encountered you once."

The reply returned towards Renya's question confuses him even further.

Though even Renya remember someone when he meets them once, he doesn't recall her voice and face at all.

Even though my body should be young, my brain is likely still that from my previous existence, behind Renya, who began to hold doubts towards his own memory, a small, short yell from Croire was audible.

Is there some kind of trouble? turning his head, Croire, who was looking this way while appearing only a bit from within the rock's shade, yelled ahead of Renya's look.

"Renya-sana! Please get away from that fellow! That fellow is a demon!" (Croire)

She is quite flustered, huh? The words she was using were in the elven language.

For a moment Renya doesn't understand what Croire is saying. In the next moment he turns around towards the little girl while drawing the katana at his waist. And then that motion stops.

While understanding that Renya had entered a combat stance, the little girl, without even trying to defend, showed a giggle narrowing her impish eyes.

"That's a good decision. Wouldn't it be a bad if you can't take even one step after drawing?"

The bandages, which were neglected on the ground, entangle around Renya's feet.

Even without a strength to degree of constricting him, due to the bandages properly sealing his motion, Renya yelled without him turning around to his back,

"Croire! Take Liaris and run away!" (Renya)

"No, no, elf-ojousan. You are called Croire, I guess? It will be alright even if you don't escape?"

The voice, which contained a smile, is pointed at Croire.

Croire, who showed up from within the rock's shade, glared at the little girl while putting herself on guard and said,

"Leaving you behind, there's no way I can simply escape like that, Renya-san!" (Croire)

"The elven language, huh... I'm slightly bad at that. I wonder if you can understand me? My words, that is."

"Release Renya-san!" (Croire)

"That's unreasonable, isn't it? After all I will end up getting cut down once I release him."

The little girl hit her head with a *tap tap* using a hand.

"It's no good if I don't change the colour of my hair as expected."

"What do you mean?" (Renya)

Renya asks while holding the hilt of his katana in his hand.

The little girl showed a slightly perplexed expression due to Renya's question.

"You know, that is because orchid hair is a trait of demons, isn't it?"

"To be accurate, orchid hair and dark brow skin. And in addition the shape of the pupils." (Croire)

Without taking her eyes off the little girl's movements, Croire, who is standing ready, supplemented.

"However, except for the hair colour, you aren't conforming to the traits of demons... what kind of person are you?" (Croire)

"A demon-like person, I guess? Well, for the time being."

The little girl quickly drops the hand which was hitting her head.

With just that much of an action her orchid hair is dyed in a deep crimson colour.

Seeing that, Croire opened her eyes widely.

"S-Such a... something like a demon changing their hair colour..." (Croire)

Croire's voice trembles.

What the little girl in front of Renya did was apparently an action that caused quite the shock to her for some reason.

"What's this about?" (Renya)

"For demons their orchid hair is a proof of their pride. They believe in quite the old-fashioned sense of values, don't they? Rather than that..."

The little demon girl looks fleetingly at Renya's hand which is placed on the katana.

If he draws, he has the range and timing enabling him to cut her, but Renya doesn't move.

As if completely restraining Renya, the bandages, which are entangled around his feet, have changed their pressure.

"I have an inexhaustible amount of curiosity regarding that katana as well, but for the time being, won't you release your hand from it and take off the remaining bandages?"

The little girl's height was around one or two points of view lower than Renya's.

Naturally, from the little girl's point of view she has to glance upwards as Renya is

towering above her.

However, I can't feel anything but the upturned eyes of that little girl being a calculated action.

“What was that?” (Renya)

The little demon girl didn't lose her smile while tampering with the bandages which were covering a part of her body and said towards Renya who asked that question,

“I believe that it's no good to give up on something, you started, midway.”

“You... who the heck are you?” (Renya)

He reflexively fills the hand, which held up the scabbard, with strength.

Once asked by Renya, who is still in a state of being able to draw in an instant if he has only one chance, the little girl kept her mouth shut after trying to answer once. After pondering for a short while, she answered while laughing extremely happily.

“I will give you an answer once you remove the bandages on my body?”

Once the little girl says that while pinching the bandages around her collar, Renya's expression turns bitter.

Do I start an attack? Or do I follow the girl's words?

After a while Renya released his hand from the katana while making sure to not take his eyes off the little girl.

In Renya's opinion, the attack speed of the bandages, which are already entangled around his feet, should be faster than his own sword-drawing speed.

He doesn't know how strong the bandages are, but since she deliberately twined them around his feet, it might be an item that can immediately sever something at the level of Renya's feet.

It might be a result that is plenty worth it for the inhabitants of this world if one can defeat a demon in exchange for the amputation of both their feet, but from Renya's viewpoint it's not like the demons are his natural enemy at all. The little girl in front

of him didn't show any indication to start an attack at present even if the truth is different.

So, if that's the case, it will be better to answer the demand of the opponent for the time being, I guess, Renya judged.

Even the amount of bandages twined around the body of the little girl seemed to be a considerable amount if one considered the imagined body of the little girl.

This seems to be once again a task that will take some time, at the time Renya placed his hand on the bandages, the little demon girl quietly stood on tiptoes and brought her lips close to Renya's ear.

The little demon girl whispered into the ear of Renya, who couldn't move due to the sudden action of hers,

「私はねえレンヤ。エミルⅡラー ज्या、研究者だよ」

「……はあ!？」

驚く蓮弥の手に思わず力が入る。
それだけのことで、少女の身体に
巻きつけられていた包帯は、
あつさりと腰の辺りまで
するりと外れて地面へと落ちた。



“I’m, you know, Emil Rajah, a researcher.” (Emil)

“... Haa!?” (Renya)

The hand of the surprised Renya is unintentionally filled with strength.

It was to such a degree that it took quite the time and labour to untangle the bandages on the head with his hand.

The bandages, which were wrapped around the little girl’s body, easily came off without delay up to the area around her waist and dropped to the ground.

In front of Renya, who stood stock still in a daze, the white skin, which depict gentle curves from the scape of her neck, lays bare. The line of the distinctly standing-out collarbone and the pair of soft hills, which kept their shape due to the girl’s youth while being moderate, were swaying with a tremble dependent on the girl’s slight movements.

CHAPTER 74

IT SEEMS THAT'S HOW IT SOMEHOW TURNS OUT TO BE

He has even forgotten Croire's warning that the other party is a demon.

He also forgot about the situation being such that he could get attacked at any time with his feet being entangled by bandages.

He has completely forgotten about the dragon right next to them who is watching them attentively while having changed into a stance of curling up.

Incidentally, the existences of Croire, who's on guard in his back, and Liaris, who is still stuck within the armour, have slipped from his mind.

Renya ended up staring at the upper half of the little girl's body which he had unwrapped himself.

On that occasion, after letting the bandages, he had grasped in his hands, fall, he casually grabs the pair of hills, which have become exposed without hiding anything, with both his hands.

"Renya-san!?" (Croire)

"Ah, are these real?" (Renya)

Renya checks their touch by groping them.

While listening to Croire raising her voice in criticism, which resembled a yell, from behind him, he confirms their sensation to his heart's content. After he checked the expression of the little girl while pinching them several times and stretching them in the end, Renya took off his hands at last and released the little girl's breasts.

"Renya-kun, you know..." (Emil)



Emil, whose face became red, then pale and lastly frowned due to the pain of being pinched, says while not hurrying to conceal her breasts, which were released finally, placing her right hand on her hips and curbing her forehead with the left hand to calm her anger.

Renya is calm.

“Previously you were a man, but since you appeared in the shape of a woman, I have to make sure, don’t I?” (Renya)

“Y-You could say that. But, all of a sudden groping, stretching and pinching them, what do you think a girl’s breasts are?” (Emil)

Emil made something like a protest, but Renya’s reply was simple and prompt.

“Mostly, fat.” (Renya)

“I won’t find a rebuttal to that as it passes as a just sound argument...” (Emil)

“He’s hopeless, this one”, Emil sighs.

For some reason Croire shows an expression of feeling emotionally drained while holding her forehead behind Renya.

“So, what’s your esteemed impression?” (Emil)

“It was the feeling of fat? They aren’t particularly filled with dreams or romance, they are those of a demon.” (Renya)

“Ah, yea... well, whatever, but... so, can you please continue unwrapping the lower part, I wonder?” (Emil)

“Yea, unders...” (Renya)

“I won’t allow that!” (Croire)

Renya, who was about to nod, has his neck strangled by Croire, who jumped at him from behind, causing him to interrupt his words in the middle.

“What’s with your nonchalant intention of stripping her even at the lower parts,

Renya-san!?" (Croire)

"No... that is, because stopping halfway... how to say it?" (Renya)

"The other party is a demon, a demon! Do you understand!?" (Croire)

"Before dealing with the demon... it seems I will be strangled to death by you though..." (Renya)

Croire's arm accurately blocked Renya's respiratory tract.

Croire also feels as if her physical strength had become strangely powerful after burning the demon.

Her slender arm, which constricts his throat, hadn't a level of strength he wouldn't be able to undo if he tries to tear it off forcibly with the intention of breaking her bones, from Renya's standpoint, but he has no intention to go that far with Croire as his opponent.

While suppressing Croire's arm with a strength at the level of preventing her to strangle him even more with his left hand somehow or another, Renya conveys his wish to give up by tapping Croire's arm with his right hand, but there's no way that tapping means giving up in this world.

"Croire... if that guy had the intention to attack us now... I think it will be dangerous for both of us, but..." (Renya)

"... Ah." (Croire)

Did she finally realize after being told? Croire loosens the strength of strangling Renya and looks in the direction of the demon.

Emil is still in a state of not covering her upper body. Watching the situation between Renya and Croire, she was at the point of stifling her laughter.

"Mmh? Ah, I have no intention to attack you. If you can promise me that you, Renya-kun, won't come slashing at me either, I will also release and remove the bandages at your feet, oki?" (Emil)

"Got it, I got it. Please take these off since I won't draw my katana. Also, cover your

upper body.” (Renya)

“Isn’t it fine like that? Even for you, Renya-kun, it’s a beautiful sight, isn’t it?” (Emil)

“I don’t have the hobby of being delighted by seeing the chest of a male transvestite.” (Renya)

Emil looks dumbfounded due to Renya’s clear declaration.

A sound of Croire bursting into laughter with all her heart can be heard from behind Renya.

“W-Who are you calling a male transvestite, I wonder?” (Emil)

“It’s you, you male transvestite demon. Weren’t you a man the last time we met?” (Renya)

“That is that! This is this! This body is unmistakably that of a girl, you know!?” (Emil)

“You are lying. Would you endure the change of gender that willingly? I guess it’s a reconstruction or such outcome anyway, right?” (Renya)

Due to Renya spitting out “there’s silicon even in this world”, a vein popped up on Emil’s forehead.

Her face is still smiling, but even Croire, who’s behind Renya, at least understands that it’s apparently something considerably enraging to Emil.

“I changed my mind a bit, Renya-kun. We won’t get finished with this like that, right?” (Emil)

“Are you finally up to it, transvestite?” (Renya)

“W-Who is...” (Emil)

The pressure of the bandages, which are constricting Renya’s feet, rose.

Thrusting away Croire, who’s behind him, Renya tries to unsheathe his katana before he receives fatal damage to his feet and then his stance of acting stiffens as it is.

All of the bandages, which covered below Emil's hips, fell off with a thump in front of his eyes.

"Hey! So, who is a transvestite!? Won't you check it yourself properly!?" (Emil)

"Ha!?" (Renya)

As if it was completely natural, Emil exposed her nude lower body half.

Due to the way of exposing her stark nakedness far too suddenly, even the hands of Renya, who stopped moving, are wrapped by bandages.

At the time he thought *damn it!* both his arms and legs are in a state of being restrained and Renya's body gets pulled into the direction of Emil.

"What do you intend to do?" (Renya)

"Haven't we decided that you will confirm it yourself?" (Emil)

"Confirm it myself means..." (Renya)

Once Renya was pulled to a certain extent of close proximity, a large amount of bandages roll up from below Emil's feet.

They began to create something like a cocoon in order to cover the two of them.

"Well, we have decided on a task that can't be shown to the pure-hearted elf-ojousan, haven't we?" (Emil)

"Wa, idiot! Don't get close, it feels disgusting! I don't have a hobby like that!" (Renya)

"You are still saying that, huh... Renya-kun, won't you check properly for yourself? This body, that is..." (Emil)

"Don't approach, moron! Don't cling to me! Stop rubbing my waist! Don't blow your breath into my ear!" (Renya)

"This is the mouth which is spouting such things, eh...hey, check it properly with your fingers... are you still going to say that I'm a transvestite with this?" (Emil)

“There’s something lukewarm and soft there!?” (Renya)

<U-Umm... if you can soon let me go, I’d be thankful or such I’m thinking.>

Emil’s and Renya’s voices leak from within the cocoon made out of bandages.

Croire wasn’t swallowed by those bandages due to being thrust away, but with the voices leaking out from within, she had the knowledge at hand, no matter how much she’s an elf, to be able to somewhat guess what’s happening inside as she’s been already alive for 70 years.

The dragon, who was completely neglected, timidly addressed Croire with a telepathic message, but immediately sank into silence due to the thirst for blood dwelling in the eyes of Croire who looked down at him thunderously.

“What stupid stuff are you saying? There’s no way that you can escape, right?” (Croire)

<T-That’s right, isn’t it~...>

“By the way, lizard-san, can’t you burn this cocoon down to nothing with your breath?” (Croire)

<Eh, umm... I’m a dragon...>

“Lizard-san, if you don’t answer my question right away...” (Croire)

Croire gently places her head on the head of the dragon who was about to protest.

Sensing an evil existence that can be depicted as something pitch black behind her smile, the dragon answers in panic,

<Y-Yes! Lizard will be fine! I don’t possess a breath with the strength to penetrate an item filled with the power of a demon!>

“... Tsk... you are an useless lizard.” (Croire)

Croire’s fingers held a scale of the dragon and casually tore it off with a *snap*.

While the dragon somehow endures the pain of tearing off the scale from the skin, it senses that the elf in front of him possesses a higher ability than the common elves

albeit the person herself not being aware of it.

If that wasn't the case, there's no way for an unarmed elf to tear off the scale of a dragon.

Ah, that fellow's a monster as well, he thought as if having given up while grasping Croire in his sight, which is blurry due to tears.

"If it goes on like this, Renya will be by the demon... just that, I can't absolutely allow..."
(Croire)

Croire muttered while recalling several lethal spell she knew herself, but her anxiety ended in being needless fear.

The blade of Renya's katana stuck out from within the cocoon of bandages which swallowed Renya and Emil.

That blade slowly cuts the cocoon of bandages while making a tearing sound. Once he was able to make a certain degree of gap, Renya crawled out from within with a terribly worn-out expression.

His clothes aren't dishevelled overly much, but the buttons of his shirt are undone and his chest is widely open.

"Renya-san!? Are you alright?" (Croire)

"Aah... somehow I protected the final line." (Renya)

Ahead of the sight of line of Croire who is wondering *what kind of final line is he talking about*, the cocoon of bandages coils up towards the ground losing its shape in small bits.

Emil, who appeared from within, isn't nude but wears a blue tube-top bra and hot-pants in the same colour.

She put on a long leather coat reaching from around her ankles up to her collar which showed her privates. That's her eccentric attire.

"Did I get you to understand that I'm a girl? What I showed you the other day is a decoy, lure, artificial body! These bandages are a charm obi to take hold of the soul, which

was inside the artificial body, and to return it to the body over here! Okay?" (Emil)

"... Got it. Since I won't call you transvestite, don't come any closer..." (Renya)

Emil turns a displeased expression towards Renya, who says that with a feeling of gasping.

However, feeling like his face has become somewhat glossy, Croire glared at Emil.

"What's a demon doing at such place? Are you conspiring something again?" (Renya)

Once Renya asks while returning the unsheathed katana to its scabbard, Emil's expression changed into being slightly troubled.

"Well, as a matter of fact, the demon country is a bit turbulent in various ways. Currently it's a situation where it's very difficult for me to stay." (Emil)

"What are they scheming?" (Renya)

"You won't hear that from my mouth. I'm a demon after all." (Emil)

"So?" (Renya)

"I thought I would stay away from the country until the residual heat dies down a bit. It's not like there's any place I'm going to either. I remembered about you when I was troubled, Renya-kun." (Emil)

Being told that, I'm extremely annoyed, is what Renya intends to convey to Emil with his expression, but Emil shows no indication of minding that.

"How did you get here? Or rather, why do you know about my location?" (Renya)

"I have transferred in the northern direction? If demons acquire a certain degree of skill, they are able to transfer even if it's only themselves. Of course the precise coordinates of the destination become necessary, but as for the location, isn't there the spot where we bid our farewells previously?" (Emil)

"... The pen, huh?" (Renya)

That pen, which can write a mark that will vanish and which I was given by Emil, has

notified Emil about my location, huh? Renya thought, but Emil crossed both his arms in front of her chest creating a x-mark.

“That’s a miss. Correct would be the mark you wrote on your palm.” (Emil)

Renya perceived that he literally marked himself as it seems.

Something like a mark that let’s a demon know his whereabouts is only troublesome even if he has it, but he doesn’t know the way to erase it.

“I guess I there’s no other option but getting the information out of Emil are Renya’s thoughts, I suppose”, Emil says.

“So that’s why it’s only me who knows your location, okay?” (Emil)

“That’s plenty bothersome already.” (Renya)

“Don’t say such a cold thing. I’d like you to look after me for a bit, oki? Of course I will hide me being a demon as much as possible and I will try to help you with various things, so can I request that of you?” (Emil)

“There’s no way that it’s possible, is it!?” (Croire)

Before Renya can answer Croire thrusts her finger at Emil and refuses.

Has she completely omitted the fact that her opponent is a demon? She declares towards Emil while stepping in front of Renya from behind.

“There’s a limit to being impudent as well!” (Croire)

It seems like a fair argument, but... since she has circumstances resembling yours, Croire...” (Renya)

Croire is drenched in cold sweat while being retorted by Renya from behind.

Emil, who stared at Croire, suddenly releases a long breath.

“Is that so? It’s no good, eh? It can’t be helped, I have to build a nest in the vicinity once again...” (Emil)

“Wait a bit, the demon over there... no, Emil.” (Renya)

Pushing Croire to the side gently, Renya, who came in front of Emil, placed both his hands on Emil’s shoulders with a *pon* and stared intently at Emil directly from the front.

“I guess it’s fine, I will look after you. The conditions are for you to hide your true identity without talking about it, to abide as much as possible to what I, who is the landlord, tells you and to willingly help out with work. That much will be fine if you don’t cause any problems. Is that fine?” (Renya)

“Renya-san!?” (Croire)

Croire raises her voice in surprise due to Renya readily acknowledging to look after Emil.

From Croire’s viewpoint she couldn’t think of any benefits for Renya to look after Emil and considered it to only be a minus for Renya.

However, from Renya’s viewpoint, there was a distinct reason that he had to look after Emil.

“Croire, rather than leaving that fellow at large, it’s doubtlessly safer to keep her in a place where our eyes can reach even if we ignore a bit of troubles... In case we let her to her own devices, it realistically, and not metaphorically, possible for her to destroy a single country.” (Renya)

“Uuh, that is...” (Croire)

“I don’t have any obligation to burden myself with such trouble, but... if asked whether there’s anyone except me who can take responsibility for her, you won’t be able to say anything but it’s impossible for anyone else.” (Renya)

“That’s a truly accurate analysis.” (Emil)

Renya shows an exhausted expression due to the smiling Emil.

“Do you promise? I’m asking you to not cause uncontrollable troubles for me, okay?” (Renya)

“Okay, master. I will promise it.” (Emil)

Gently grasping the hands which were place on her shoulders, answered like that with a smile that contained no evilness.

CHAPTER 75

IT SEEMS TO BE LIARIS AND THE DRAGON

“For now there’s a method to use that dragon lying down over there.” (Emil)

Stepping up to the dragon, Emil places her hand on its head with a *pon*

Did it already give up? The dragon shows no reaction even with Emil putting her hand on it.

“What are you planning to do, with this?” (Emil)

“At first I thought it would be fine to defeat and storage it.” (Renya)

Renya’s sight faces towards the direction of the lying armour.

Since Croire has stopped the removal of the armour midway, Liaris is still inside it.

While thinking *she isn’t very unwilling to be in there though*, Renya walked up to the armour and opened it after quickly unfastening its clasps.

Just as expected by Renya, the blood of the crushed wyvrens and rock dragons has entered into the armour and its insides appear to be covered in a bright red gooey mass.

Speaking of a saving grace, their blood doesn’t appear to smell as much as I thought, huh?

Because the armour’s inside is that muddled, Liaris, who was inside it, has naturally become muddled to the same extent.

Liaris, who suddenly got up with half her body from within the finally opened armour, fixedly looked up at Renya with her bloodstained face.

“What’s wrong?” (Renya)

“... I wanted... to be rescued a lot earlier.” (Liaris)

Liaris says in a somewhat hollow and spiteful manner.

Renya doesn't comprehend her feelings of wanting to make even a single complaint such as "on top of being neglected in a state of not knowing what might have happened outside the armour, a woman of marriageable age is muddled with blood and other stuff."

Liaris crawls out from within the armour while having the appearance of being sullied by bloody dirt and stands up.

"It couldn't be helped. The priority for that was low." (Renya)

Renya, who quickly cut down Liaris's protest-like words, asks Emil while pointing at Liaris,

"That dragon. Is it possible for that one to enslave it?" (Renya)

Ignoring the startled Liaris and Croire for the time being, Renya asked Emil and Emil, after pondering for a short while scratching her head, said,

"It's possible, but... isn't that too wasteful?" (Emil)

"I don't particularly need a dragon or such." (Renya)

"If you present it to the country, a big-shot or such, they will remember you auspiciously though?" (Emil)

Renya jeers at Emil's remark by laughing scornfully.

"How foolish. Why would I have to give them such a present to curry favour with them?" (Renya)

"Isn't it a good thing to side with powerful or influential people?" (Emil)

Emil mentions something resembling a sound argument, but it was fully understandable from her tone of voice that she doesn't believe that.

It's because she's a demon, or rather it's probably owed to her own character, but it doesn't seem like she's regarding the word "powerful or influential person" (*T/N: it's one word in Japanese after all*) as a waste of paper either.

“Please make it possible to enslave the dragon to this one since I don’t care about such stuff.” (Renya)

“Umm... Renya-san? Just what the heck...” (Liaris)

“Ah, Liaris. for the sake of swiftly obtaining strength and achievements, I will have you become a dragoon by enslaving this dragon to you.” (Renya)

“... Ha?” (Liaris)

Due to Renya’s far too excessive statement, Liaris’ comprehensive faculty apparently wasn’t able to catch up.

But, from Renya’s point of view, he considered it to be a truly good idea.

In addition to the achievement of having captured a dragon, it means that Liaris will at least obtain the war potential of a dragon by enslaving it.

However, if we had only subjugated it, there would likely people come forth doubting us with “didn’t she rely on Renya?”, but if, on top of seeing the dragon in front of their eyes, it listens to the order from Liaris, such back-biting people should disappear, he assessed.

“Even if they appeared for argument’s sake, it would all be resolved with a single order of Liaris to burn them to ashes if they become too troublesome.”

“I won’t do that!?” (Liaris)

“Oh, did that just leak out from my mouth? However, don’t you think that it’s an ingenious idea?” (Renya)

“Well, that’s... certainly true. But, am I able to raise something like a dragon?” (Liaris)

It’s a dragon called the weakest among the dragons of this area, according to its own evaluation.

Above it definitely not being an existence that can be kept within the city, something like a building that can serve as stable where she can store the dragon, albeit its frame isn’t very oversized either, doesn’t exist in Kukrika.

However, while that may be true, it’s not a being that can be left at large in the city’s

outskirts.

“Emil, do something about it.” (Renya)

“Aren’t you handling your own workers a bit too roughly?” (Emil)

Although the figure of Emil, who was completely entrusted with the problem, complaints with a grumble,

“That dragon and the young lady... you are called Liaris or such, right? Since they will be linked within their thoughts, isn’t it fine if we let it live in this place usually so that it can come once called? As it’s a distance that will take just two days if treated by human feet, won’t it be right away there if it’s a dragon that can fly?” (Emil)

<I feel anxious due to the words “linked within our thoughts” for some reason, but... aaahhh!?!>

The hand of Emil which was placed on the head of the dragon who mentioned its worries, thoroughly sinks into the dragon’s head.

Screaming through its thoughts, it opens its mouth gapingly and the body of the dragon, who fainted, begins to convulse with a start each time Emil performs some operation. Renya and Croire, who saw that, felt cold sweat streaming down their cheeks.

“Differing from wyvrens and such, there’s always a magic gem within the head of a dragon, right? Apart from the magic core, this is called the dragon gem Carbuncle.” (Emil)

Emil pulls out her hand from the dragon’s head with a short *slurp*

As if she didn’t do anything at all, there are no traces of Emil’s hand having been thrust into the dragon’s head until moments ago after she withdrew her hand.

Between the extracted fingers of Emil there’s a small red and transparent gem.

After Emil turned that, which can be actually seen as cultivated currant on the first glance, lightly around between her fingers, she heads in the direction of Liaris.

“Liaris-san, say ‘aah’” (Emil)

“Haa... say, who is this person? Well it’s fine I guess... aah.” (Liaris)

Emil flicked the red gem with her index finger into the mouth of Liaris who opened it as told.

Due to the foreign substance that suddenly entered inside, the surprised Liaris closes her mouth and ends up gulping it down on the spur of the moment.

“Ueeh!? What did you make me swallow there!?” (Liaris)

“The dragon gem. I had you swallow a small scrape of it.” (Emil)

“Why!?” (Liaris)

“I told you, didn’t I? It’s for linking your minds. Thanks to the dragon gem you swallowed being absorbed, your and the dragon’s thoughts will be linked. As this is a private path between the two of you, you will be connected even if you are quite a distance away from each other.” (Emil)

“I don’t believe the dragon will do what I tell it just because our thoughts are linked, though?” (Liaris)

Emil returned a smile towards Liaris’ reasonable doubt.

“It’s alright. I placed a little trick on the dragon gem remaining within its head. Well, there’s the way of it being cancelled in case of its contractor dying, thus won’t you resign yourself for around 100 years, unlucky dragon-kun?” (Emil)

<Ue? Aah? Haa? Ah, yes... I will endure if it’s around that much.>

The dragon, who returned to reality from its state of having fainted and raised not only its thoughts but also a somewhat strange voice, nodded in answer to Emil’s words.

Liaris apparently wasn’t yet able to believe in the words spoken by Emil, but she approached the dragon with a feeling that could be called timid.

She tries to get close and the existence crouching over there is certainly a tall dragon that’s also hailed as roughly the strongest among all existing monsters.

From Liaris’ point of view, it’s usually a being that will settle her death at the moment

she encountered it, but its figure of cowering on the ground with its chin completely like a crushed pet dog is strange far beyond her scope of imagination.

Is it my imagination? Its gaze, which feels frail, is intently fixed on Liaris who came approaching.

“It’s sufficient to use common language for the orders. The reply will come via telepathic communication.” (Emil)

Being told by Emil, Liaris took a single breath and clearly told the dragon after calming down herself,

“Dra-kun, hand!” (Liaris)

“Dra... kun, huh...? It can’t be called something human, but you don’t have any sense.” (Renya)

“Renya-kun, you think so as well? The one who felt slightly dizzy just now is...” (Emil)

Renya curbs his eyebrows and in front of Emil, who says that while floating a powerless smile, the dragon, who was named as Dra-kun, has a very reluctant expression, but his own front toe gently touched the hand held out by Liaris.

The toe, which had a dragon’s claw attached to it, would have likely torn Liaris’ slender arm to shreds without any kind of resistance if it touched her with the usual strength of a dragon, but seeing it touch Liaris’ hand gently in order to not scratch it, Liaris was finally able to understand that the dragon will really listen to her commands.

“Well then, enough about that... Croire?” (Renya)

“I know even if you don’t tell me. Treat Emil-san like a human, is what it’s about, right?” (Croire)

“I feel extremely sorry, but can I ask that of you?” (Renya)

This will be difficult to ask of Croire whose brethren were just recently killed by a demon in great numbers, huh? Renya wonders.

Even if you try considering it from the reality that the thinking “demons are bad” will normally be overlooked, it’s quite the unreasonable demand to have Croire ignore the

matter of Emil entering the city, Renya understands that as well.

Luckily, Liaris has ended up accepting being indebted while not having the leeway to think over the real identity of Emil because she was within the armour or because the enslavement of the dragon was decided in a rush at parts that have no relation to the person's own intentions.

Giving up on some less objectionable parts rather than neglecting Emil, Croire should agree with as well even if she puts out some bargaining point, Renya thought, but Croire's answer was something truly quick and simple.

"Got it." (Croire)

"... That's fine? Even though the one who is asking you is me, but..." (Renya)

"Isn't it difficult to disagree as free-loader?" (Croire)

Croire smiles wryly.

"Besides, if I act as good woman who has the perception to read the air here... it seems like I will be able to obtain a favour." (Croire)

"It's fine even if I owe you one, but... it's not impossible on an emotional level?" (Renya)

"That is, a bit. That is after being asked what I'm thinking once I heard about the people who died in the fortress. However, since it's a mood similar to running away from such unpleasant friction, I wonder what to think about one of the same race as the demon who came attacking, is what I also believe." (Croire)

"You are a capable woman..." (Emil)

Even if thinking with your head, there are many cases where one can't find a clear solution within their heart.

Renya, who feels like he would say even more troublesome things if he were placed in the same situation, nodded in admiration towards Croire's words.

Croire smiles cheerfully while looking at Renya.

“It’s fine if you fall in love with me, you know?” (Croire)

“No, I will have to fully follow that emperor if I fall in love with you, right? That’s a bit detestable.” (Renya)

“Muuh... there’s a third wheel at an unexpected place...” (Croire)

“I feel sorry as it seems I’m a nuisance at a point of you having a nice relationship going, but.” (Emil)

Croire brooded while showing a difficult expression.

Choosing the timing when to interrupt the conversation between Renya and Croire, Emil called out to them.

“Won’t we withdraw since the matter is settled, I wonder? I’m feeling bad for them as we are continuing to occupy the dragons’ dwelling as long as we like.” (Emil)

“What insincere words...” (Renya)

Emil swings his index finger with a “ts ts” due to Renya’s disgusted voice.

“Your thinking is shallow, Renya-kun. It’s a gap moe in such a world...” (Emil)

“Shut up, hentai.” (Renya)

Discarding her in a single stroke, Renya began to give swift orders after a backward glance towards the speechless Emil.

“Croire will guard the surroundings. Liaris, please standby obediently with the dragon. I will cut the chain during that time.” (Renya)

“You can cut this? This is a chain binding a dragon, isn’t it?” (Liaris)

Liaris asks while gently caressing the dragon’s snout.

If you consider it normally, there’s no way to cut a chain, which has the strength to restrain a dragon, that easily.

There’s no way that it can be cut, but Renya unsheathes the katana at his waist, places

the base of its blade gently on the chain and pulls it only once like that.

With only that action, the chain was cut apart too quickly and fell to the ground.

“Well, with such a feeling.” (Renya)

“Haa... well, it’s Renya-san...” (Liaris)

Liaris, who agreed in a strange way, points at the note and collar still attached to the dragon’s neck.

“Won’t you remove those?” (Liaris)

“There’s no particular problem even if they are left as is, is there?” (Renya)

The dragon, who still had the note with “Gift” written on dangling from its neck, has a terribly sad expression upon hearing Renya’s words, but Renya, who knew that it’s an article that won’t cause any problems no matter what the dragon does or how it acts, takes no notice of the dragon’s look.

“Well then, let’s return while riding that guy, huh?” (Renya)

“Eh? You want to fly until Kukrika while riding on a dragon, Renya-san!? It will cause a panic in the city!” (Croire)

“It will be fine if we walk while taking the dragon along after landing at a spot slightly away from the city, right? At any rate...” (Renya)

Renya looks at the dragon.

Doing a complete change from its previous sad expression, the dragon’s feelings told him that it was already too late to say anything.

“Can 4 people ride on it?” (Renya)

“Umm...” (Liaris)

Liaris matches her eyes with the dragon and stares at it for a little while.

Removing her look from it before long, Liaris turns around to Renya.

“It looks like it will probably be alright.” (Liaris)

“I see. Well, it will have to work out somehow with will-power even if it’s a bit unreasonable, huh? I’m worried about our security since there’s no saddle though.” (Renya)

“If that’s the case, leave it to me.” (Emil)

Emil takes out a bundle of bandages from within her coat.

Emil took out an amount to the degree that one would wreck their brain wondering just where the heck she stored such amount of bandages.

“Let me package you with these so that you don’t fall off.” (Emil)

“Do it normally? Don use a strange method of binding us? Absolutely, okay?” (Renya)

“You don’t trust me. It’s alright. Leave it to me.” (Emil)

Renya wasn’t able to erase his uneasy thoughts and feelings after all due to Emil promising it readily without due consideration.

CHAPTER 75.5

IT SEEMS TO BE INTERLUDE 9

“Your Majesty, the Emperor, was that really alright with you?”

Royce pas Tifalet, who was lost in his thoughts while resting his elbow on the throne’s armrest returns his consciousness to reality due to the voice which addressed him from the side.

There was literally a mountain of things he had to think about.

Needless to talk about domestic affairs and diplomacy, human and military affairs are also within the range of needing the approval of the emperor.

Moreover, in recent times the movements of the monsters flowing in from the direction of the Miasma Forest are becoming vigorous and things like the supply trains to the defence cities at the front line are turning into extremely headache-inducing problems.

If he pondered about those to find the best solution for everything, there wouldn’t be enough time in the least even if spends all of his long elven life on that task.

Of course, the problems, which are forming piles, can’t be expected to be kept on hold until then either. There’s no other way but to solve them by believing that the policies, he thought of, are the best possible moves to make.

Once he looks at the owner of the voice which interrupted his thinking, it was the Imperial Lance Corporal who is always accompanying him at his side.

This man, who served on this post for a long time, is one of the few people who kept Royce company regardless whether it was during official or private affairs from the time before he became emperor until now.

Royce, who knows that man since the time he was still nothing but a regular soldier, likes his diligent and honest character since the time when he was still the crown prince until now that he had become the emperor himself and trusts him to a degree of entrusting the heavy responsibility of leading the Imperial Guards to him.

For that man it's unthinkable that he considers him interrupting the emperor's thinking a good thing and thus, since he still called out to me, that means it's about a fairly important matter, I guess? Royce assessed.

“With “that”, what matter exactly do you mean?” (Royce)

Having absolutely no clue, Royce asked back to the Imperial Lance Corporal.

Based on his position as Imperial Guard, this man never started a conversation regarding politics until now.

Although he has a considerably high status, it's only natural if one says that it's reasonable for a soldier, but thinking of it now, I don't understand what this man called out to me about.

The asked Imperial Lance Corporal shifts his gaze around in order to examine the surroundings.

The place they are currently at is the audience hall. It's a place that's totally unsuited for a private talk, but as there's free time between the last official business and the next right now, there were currently only the emperor and the Imperial Lance Corporal at that place.

“I don't mind. Talk. It's likely a topic that's somewhat problematic, but I will treat it as talk that never happened on this occasion now.” (Royce)

Watching the state of the Imperial Lance Corporal who looks like he won't talk easily, Royce presses the conversation on by saying that.

If the emperor himself says so, it will be dealt with as something that never happened no matter what kind of details are mentioned in this place.

Although, if someone, who is present at that place, listens in, and takes action against the will of the emperor by taking the information outside and starting to talk about it in a manner of “That time it was that talk”, they will be ruined by being punished with suitable charges handed down from above.

The Imperial Lance Corporal, who received the authorization of the emperor, talks slowly while visibly choosing his words.

“It’s about Her Highness, the Imperial Princess Croire, who went to the place of the young human man.”

“Oh... you have probably investigated it indirectly? She is in good health, right?”
(Royce)

“It seems that she’s doing well, but since the place is an area ruled by the humans, there’s no way for us to observe her continuously as we aren’t able to move too conspicuously either.”

Seen from the elven country, the human continent is on the other side with the demon country in-between them.

There’s also the means called transfer gate, however not only isn’t it something that can be used at a moment’s notice but the current state was that their eyes were naturally restricted to only very few means to observe Croire.

Incidentally, not knowing about those under their supervision was something fortunate for them.

If they had placed plenty of observer near Croire, they would have been aware of the fact that she would enter a dragon’s dwelling with Renya in advance and it is easy to imagine that it would become a pandemonium for the human and elven side due to the elves likely taking various measures to stop that from happening by any means.

Moreover, given that even the observers at Renya’s home aren’t able to move too flashily since they are short of hands, they were limited to a level of watching them from a distance. But if they had enough manpower and took action to infiltrate Renya’s home, there was no mistaking that they would be wrecking their brains about what has happened as Frau would have changed the infiltrators into a mountain of elven corpses around this time.

“If she’s in good health, there’s no problem.” (Royce)

“However... won’t having such a farewell cause nothing but worry for Her Highness, the princess? Besides, with the way of entrusting her to a young human man after being told about it in such a manner, it will create problems due to the treatment of Her Highness, the princess...”

“Imperial Lance Corporal, you are a nice man.” (Royce)

Due to the words of the emperor which contained a smile, the Imperial Lance Corporal stands on ceremony at that place.

Royce, who watched his appearance with an expression being all smiles, continued his words even further,

“I believe it to be welcome and pleasant for your feelings of worrying about Croire, who is my my daughter, to go to such an extent.” (Royce)

“Such words are wasted on a person like me.”

“However, I think that those worries are probably pointless. If Croire is my daughter, she will probably comprehend. That human... he was called Renya or such? That man likely understands the contents of that conversation as well.” (Royce)

“So, you are saying?”

Didn't he understand the words of the emperor? Due to the Imperial Lance Corporal asking back with a curious expression, Royce changed his smiled into a wry one.

“You are a man who isn't suited overly much for strategizing. Well, it wasn't something that can be called strategizing either though. First I said that I would marry my daughter to that man. This is an impossible story, isn't it? I attached the condition of it being at that time though.” (Royce)

“It will vanish as it's an unreasonable story anyway?”

“Well, I wonder about that. It's not evident whether he might possibly reach the point of being worth the insolence of marrying Croire, but that's something I don't know now.” (Royce)

His Majesty, the Emperor, is giving that human quite the high evaluation, while being surprised, the Imperial Lance Corporal waits for the next words of the emperor.

“Pressing unreasonable demands in the beginning, I will lower the conditions from there on. It's a worn-out technique, but unexpectedly there aren't many means that fit better. You are also able to rephrase it into it having a high certainty to work just because it's worn-out. Once I talk about something light like Croire's treatment after that, I will be able to garner a certain extent of sympathy next. Even if it's seen through by those two, it will become possible to induce different sympathies next.” (Royce)

“That is?”

“The sympathy due to me being extremely worried about the situation so that I tell him that I want him to take care of my daughter even to the point of using such moves although I’m a person who’s also an emperor. It’s an underhanded tactic, therefore it means that he will be able to guess my distress. Will the emperor go this far, is what he will ask himself.” (Royce)

Deeply leaning on the throne, Royce took a single deep breath and continued.

“It’s not clear until how far he will take up my arguments on top of to what extend he would understand it, but... even if he didn’t realize it at all, for argument’s sake, he might consider Croire, who will be treated like that, as pitiful next. Either way, it’s not stupid. That person is likely a nice man as well.” (Royce)

“You have thought about various things, haven’t you?”

Did he finally grasp it? The emperor directs a tired smile at the Imperial Lance Corporal who seemed to admire him.

“It’s because I’m the emperor. A single word can influence the situation greatly, thus I have to uselessly consider every single word. I’m wondering everyday whether there isn’t anyone who wants to switch with me as it’s a job that’s not worth it at all. Throwing my days away by having doubts in my mind about various matters like this, I want to spend my life by making children while admiring plants.” (Royce)

After spending a little time on choosing his words, the Imperial Lance Corporal, who doesn’t know whether it’s fine to tell the emperor who mentions such outrageous things without any hesitation, talks with a feeling of wanting to state it at last,

“... I’m well aware that it’s disrespectful, but do you still intend to make more? What about your esteemed wife?”

Spending this much time, those are the words you say? Royce smiled bitterly.

“Let’s ignore that it’s certainly disrespectful. That person told me that she wants to have 10 more.” (Royce)

“I’m glad to hear that your conjugal affection is doing well.”

The Imperial Lance Corporal, who said that while bowing, is the politeness in person, but the feelings put into his bow are conveying the Imperial Lance Corporal's state of being disgusted within his innermost thoughts while thinking *this is hopeless* in reality.

Pretending to not have noticed that, the emperor said to the Imperial Lance Corporal with a smile,

"You should strive to follow my example as well. Being stuck to the stove due to you only caring about work, your esteemed wife likely feels lonely." (Royce)

"Though that's something I want to do... it's quite difficult in the current situation."

"I guess so. Certainly, the current situation isn't very good." (Royce)

The emperor's expression changed into something sour and glum.

The information, which was drawn up from the lower parts of the organisation, has been delivered to the emperor after passing through the hands of various people.

That information told Royce successively that the elven country was in a state of being surrounded.

"The movements of the monsters are too lively. Moreover, the number of monsters spilling out from the Miasma Forest is strangely high compared to usual." (Royce)

"The demons are making some moves after all?"

"I don't want that to be so, I think, but... in the current situation, we are unable to confirm or deny it. However, it's certain that it's not an average year. It means that we can't be negligent in our vigilance." (Royce)

"If it looks that it will turn out like this, it will be painful to have missed out on the chance to have kept that man called Renya."

The existence of Renya, who is able to boost his allies' war potential several times over while being only one person, was certainly something they want to keep at arm's length whether he likes it or not if seen from the standpoint that he is someone who can take charge of the soldiers by himself.

However, the emperor swung his head left and right at the words of the Imperial Lance

Corporal.

“No, you can also say that it was fortunate for us to not have kept him at arm’s length instead.” (Royce)

“So, you are saying?”

“If I kept that person close-by, I wouldn’t use him. And if I used him, he would likely raise quite the military gains. But, that man is a human. There will probably will be many who won’t find it amusing to give an important position in the elven nation to a human.” (Royce)

The more of an active role he played, the more excellent he was, the more it might result in him becoming a seed of discontent among those working in the same organization and he would receive the jealousy of those who are serving the emperor from below.

If Renya was at least an elf, Royce ended up wishing, but it is nothing more than a futile act to the degree of hoping for something that won’t happen.

“If you consider it like that, it can be said that placing my daughter close-by to that man is a fortuitous luck, too. At least, as long as she is at his side, that man probably won’t become an obstacle for Croire. Also, there’s no other place as safe as at the side of that man on the human continent.” (Royce)

It’s too bad that Croire is a woman and that Renya was a man, Royce thinks without voicing it out.

If the two make a child, for argument’s sake, it will be born as human child with a probability of almost 100%.

That didn’t mean that there was no precedent of a child being born as the race of the woman’s side, albeit it was very rare, but in the live of Royce, which is adding up to several hundred years, it’s something that was reported to him only in several cases.

If you put this in reverse, even if the imperial family of the elven country was annihilated, for example, it’s truly lamentable if I consider that it would have been possible to definitely keep the lineage alive, Royce judges.

“As reality is reality, we ought to accept it as it is.” (Royce)

It looks like the time for the next official business has arrived now.

The Imperial Lance Corporal returns to his usual place behind the throne.

While listening to the preliminary announcement of the name of the person, who visited to have an audience in the audience hall, being read out loud, Royce muttered quietly and switched his thoughts over to the solution of the next problem.

CHAPTER 76

IT SEEMS TO BE THE RETURN OF THE DRAGOONS

That day was a totally common and ordinary day.

That was until the soldier, who was on duty in the watch tower, discovered a small black object as dot in the distant sky.

Being the first discoverer, the soldier at first thought that it was just a bird or something like that.

That was until that discovered object exposed its peculiar silhouette of possessing a long neck on a large trunk.

It's something that's almost never witnessed in the city of Kukrika.

They knew that their dwelling was located two days away by foot from the city, but it almost never happened that they left from there.

The notification of a dragon's approach was relayed between the soldiers in a flash.

Having set up many large ballistae right away, the travellers and merchants, who were waiting for the city's entry examination, are hurriedly evacuated inside.

The stationed soldiers of the army and guards of the city are immediately gathered. Beginning to suddenly circle at a place that was close in distance, if seen from the dragon's view, it started to revolve around the same location.

Once it did that, it became possible to confirm the colour of the dragon which has approached. Because of its vivid red scales they realized that the dragon was a red dragon which is one of the superior kinds and moreover a fire dragon that is endowed with the fire attribute.

Due to the fact that it was a superior kind and furthermore a fire dragon, which have a wild temperament even at the best of times, the soldiers were enveloped by nervousness.

If they make a single mistake in dealing with it, it's an opponent, that won't just cause losses among the soldiers but also is quite capable of turning a single city into ashes. The commissioned officers, who took charge of the forces, couldn't hide their misgivings and anxieties.

"Why suddenly a dragon?" was a question shared by those who happened to be present at that situation.

And at the same time they cursed the fact of them being present at the location today.

It's still better if it's a limited airspace like a cave, but a dragon, which is able to freely soar through the sky, can't be reached by humans' hands most of the times.

Even just hitting it with an attack will require next-to-impossible skill.

Even if they hit it with a lucky shot from a large ballista and only in case of a quite definite hit, they would be able to pierce the tough scales of the dragon. An attack, that missed its centre or just grazed it, will be repelled without even causing any pain and will be of little significance to a dragon.

Even though attacks from the ground mostly won't hit, the dragon will be able to ceaselessly hit them with its lethal breath attack from the sky as it pleases.

A red dragon's breath is fire in accordance to its attribute. It's said that it can melt metal if it hits directly.

Of course it will be death by burning for humans, if they are bathed in it.

Even without a direct hit, there's danger to one's life by just inhaling the searing air in the aftermath.

There were sorcerers among the guards and stationed soldiers, but it was an extremely questionable matter whether they would be able to defend against a dragon's breath with their sorcery.

There is no time to have the city's inhabitants take shelter either.

At the time the soldiers began to harden their heroic determination of wanting to keep it to the least damage to the city by driving it away even in exchange for their lives, new information came in.

It was unforeseen and unbelievable information for the soldiers.

“Although it seems we somehow contacted them, their performance is surprisingly good.” (Renya)

The soldiers have stopped preparing their weapons on the ground at a far distance. Watching them moving on with the removal of the installed large ballistae, Renya felt relieved.

Renya thought that it likely wouldn't be a problem if they slowly approached the city after landing at a slightly separated location, just as planned first, but when they were flying at quite the distance, he observed the city's side starting to set up their interception system and realized that his prediction was far too naïve.

Even if you say it's just one dragon, it seems that the existence called dragon was seen that much as a threat by humans.

While taking hold of the reins-like bandages which were coiled around the dragon's neck, Renya ponders *Well, what to do next then?* while feeling the body temperature of Croire who is clinging to his back.

By the way, Liaris has been fixed in a state of being completely packaged by bandages at a part of the dragon's back. Emil was laughing greatly while sitting towards the opposite direction of the movement's direction at the base of the tail.



“Renya-san, at this- rate it will- turn into- a battle- with the soldiers- on- ground.”
(Croire)

“That’s right, isn’t it? If that happens, there will likely be casualties.” (Renya)

Renya wants to avoid that, but there’s no means for communicating with the surface.

At last after brooding about it, Renya orders the dragon to circle at the bare distance where attacks from the ground won’t hit and attempted to set up a telepathic communication with Frau as a test since he has nothing to lose anyway.

Renya was worried about the distance, but after somehow connecting to Frau, Renya quickly explained the situation and asked Frau to relay that to the soldiers by having either Shion or Rona acting as bridge. Frau immediately explains that to Rona, who was just then at home, and asks her to tell this to the soldiers.

Once Rona met with the commanders of the guards by making free use of her authority as Knight which seemed to still be intact more or less, she persuaded them, who didn’t want to believe the information she brought at all, and the organization of an interception was cancelled.

In this situation the commanders, who didn’t want to believe Rona’s story at all, probably can’t be blamed.

If they immediately believed being told that a dragon, who has come flying, is harmless, those people would be either utterly foolish and incapable commanders, who have a field of flowers in their head, or otherwise quite the bigwigs.

Renya himself, who requested them to explain the circumstances to the soldiers, didn’t think at all that they would be able to make the soldiers believe in that.

However, since he thought *It will be just fine if they don’t come attacking us pointlessly, I guess*, he slightly doubted his eyes when they began to withdraw the ballistae.

Afterwards Renya tried to ask Rona what kind of method she used, but her reply was the brief comment 「It’s a secret」 .

Renya, who realized that she apparently used quite a bit of national authority by guessing from her expression, decides to avoid pursuing it any further.

Putting that aside, once Renya, who understood that the worry of being intercepted apparently vanished, tells the dragon to be cautious after hitting its neck, he points at a place at quite the distance from the city of Kukrika and orders it to go down there.

Originally that's the task of Liaris who is the slave master, but since Liaris is restrained by bandages in order for her to cling to the back of the dragon, she isn't able to look at the state of affairs in the vicinity or to give out any orders.

She wasn't capable of skilfully keeping balance on top of the dragon's back by herself like Renya and Emil.

I don't know whether she might be able to handle the dragon once a proper saddle is eventually attached to it, but in the current situation it's not possible to do that either.

Croire had no problems with keeping balance, but although she couldn't endure the wind pressure during the flight because of the elven lightness of body weight, she has escaped being packaged by clinging to Renya.

"At least protect Liaris from the wind pressure at the times she gets on, won't you?"
(Renya)

Given that they flew slowly to some extent, it wasn't a wind pressure that was unbearable for Renya, *but if the dragon flew at full speed, wouldn't it turn into a situation where it would be likely difficult to breath?* Renya wonders.

It would be fine if she completely wrapped up herself in a defensive barrier to oppose this, but as Liaris is a warrior, one might say that she is utterly inept at sorcery.

Since that's the case, it will result in the dragon not being able to release all of its power in case Liaris is riding it, but since the dragon itself is capable of manipulating sorcery, it can protect its rider.

The dragon answered Renya, who emphasizes that the dragon has to properly do that,

<Got it, Renya-sama.>

"Don't add a -sama to my name. Your master is Liaris after all." (Renya)

<Understood, Renya-san.>

Renya wrecks his brain whether it would be really necessary to form a contract with the aim of enslaving that fellow, if he reacts that obediently, however as this dragon's response towards Renya is abnormal, there's usually no such obedient dragon.

It's a digression, but his name has been officially decided to be 「Dra-kun」 .

Seeing that it was decided by Liaris who's his master, there was no objection from anyone.

It simply didn't matter at all for the three people besides Liaris though.

The dragon Dra-kun slowly descends at the site designated by Renya.

Dra-kun, who got close to the ground before long and successfully displayed a landing with a delicacy unsuitable for his large build where one almost couldn't sense the impact, probably because there were people on his back, looked back at Renya and the others with a somewhat proud and the so-called self-satisfied look.

<We arrived, Renya-san.> (Dra-kun)

"I'm telling you just for caution's sake, but your master is Liaris, okay? If said specifically, your owner is that thing which has been tied to your back over there, got it?" (Renya)

Renya has become somewhat worried.

From then on it became a very tiring period for Renya.

On top of releasing Liaris from the dragon's back and having Liaris hold the chain which is still hanging down from the dragon's neck, Liaris was apparently leading the dragon but in reality the dragon approached the city at a slow pace matching the speed of Liaris, but probably because they instinctively felt fear due to the approach of a large dragon, even though they were told that it's harmless in advance, the soldiers succumbed to a light panic.

Since the commanders, who tried to suppress that somehow, requested from Renya that they'd like him to have the dragon not approach the city until the situation has calmed down, the Liaris + dragon pair was left alone at place away from the city.

Although Renya, Emil and Croire tried to enter the city quickly by themselves, they

were dragged away in a partially forced way to one of the military facilities and then asked for a detailed explanation of the circumstances.

Renya would usually struggle against that, but this time he went along obediently probably because he felt guilty to some extent for having caused even the dispatch of the army and for the inhabitants of the city being frightened due to them.

At that facility he explained the details of the recent events, but this took extremely much time.

As for Renya he wanted to say that the explanation was without even a single lie, but as the uproar about the dragon wouldn't even matter if he talked about the true identity of Emil, he tried to explain after deciding to talk about them expecting a contract from the dragon and how they were able to enslave it, however not a single of the military authorities consented to his explanation.

Of course that can only be called natural.

In regards to the crushing of the sub-dragons, they were quickly able to believe in it with him showing the dismantled raw materials after having taken them out from his void storage.

“Of course, the one who defeated all of them is Liaris”, Renya explains.

The problem was about them having brought along a dragon.

The dragons, which cause such an uproar with just one of them having appeared, not only escaped from Renya's group recognising them as dangerous existences but even made an offer to form a contract with one neglected dragon for the sake of protecting themselves. There's no way that anyone would believe such story.

As expected Renya lost his temper after being doubted that much, but he, who just barely desisted as such behaviour could only be called natural if one thinks calmly about it, told the commanding officers that he would even comply with a verdict of authenticity by Judgement.

The commanding officers, who were told that, hesitated as one would expect.

They weren't able to simply agree with the situation being as it is, but the adventurer, who came to give a report, has even declared that he is willing to accept an

investigation by Judgement.

Moreover, regardless whether they believe in that report or not, it's a fact that the dragon is listening to what he is told by a person and is calmly crouching outside the city. On top of that, the woman, who had her clothes dyed in bright red blood, is sitting there with a somewhat sulky expression.

What has made Liaris sulky is her having been left behind outside the city by herself and in addition to that being surrounded by soldiers which watch her with greatest caution.

Adding to that was also the fact that she was ordered to wait there until Renya's group's investigation finishes.

If they keep the person, who has enslaved that dragon, waiting any longer, it's unknown when her displeasure might explode.

Do they carry out an investigation with Judgement while being scared of incurring the displeasure of those who subdued the dragon?

Or do they ignore the progress how it has reached this point as facts are facts anyway?

Since they lost their way due to their doubts, they decided to choose the latter in the end.

Rather than spoiling the mood of the person, who has enslaved the dragon, in this place by just doubting their suspicions, they judged that it would likely be a lot more profitable for them being able to rely on that person when something happened and thus had her triumphantly return to the city in a good mood.

Of course the commanding officers immediately dispatched a messenger holding the report 「An adventurer, who subdued a dragon, appeared in the city of Kukrika」 to the capital city of Trident Principality.

That signified the arrival of an extinct, real dragoon as told in old stories.

This information spread throughout the entire human continent in the twinkling of an eye and Liaris' name became well-known overnight as hero, who is known by anyone, alongside her nickname 「Bloody Dragoon」.

Thanks to this achievement, Liaris was officially appointed as Viscount by the Archduke of Trident Principality and was granted the family name Granatrot (*T/N: >> Gurana~toloto <<). (T/N: A shade of red in German, word play on her being the bloody dragoon, I guess)*

This was treated as being limited to her life time and furthermore was an honorary position that held no territory, but it resulted in Liaris formally joining the ranks of nobles from here on out.

It's one rank below an Earl household, but due to being supported by the military power of a dragon, Liaris won fame as noble of established reputation.

"I... became a noble before I realized... moreover, I ended up being a Viscount, Az-kun."
(Liaris)

After the chain of events passed like a storm, Az can't hide his shock from Liaris, who mutters that in a daze.

"Ummm... isn't that far over the top, Renya?" (Az)

"Don't say that. Be happy since the unromantic meddlers are gone with this, Az."
(Renya)

"That's right, Az-kun! With this it finally reached the point that I can answer your words from the other day while having confidence!" (Liaris)

"... Liaris..." (Az)

"Ah..." (Liaris)

After their looks matched for a moment, Az and Liaris averted their sight from each other looking embarrassed while blushing.

*While that scene has a feeling as if spitting out tons of sugar from one's mouth, they have become happy on their own accord**, Renya turned his look towards the day after tomorrow with a somewhat sulky mood.



PDF BY: TRAITORAIZEN